

# LONDON THE READER

of Literature, Science, Art, and General Information.

[OCTOBER 1, 1873.]

THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION]

[IS RESERVED.]

No. 543.—VOL. XXI.]

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 27, 1873.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[A VISIT FROM OLD MO.]

## FATE.

By the Author of "Nickleboy's Christmas-Box,"  
"Maurice Durant," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER IX.

Do this, my bidding,  
And I answer for success.

On the morning following the conversation between Melchior and the youth Cli the former came down to breakfast enwrapped in a costly dressing-gown, and after dismissing the serving woman with the usual nod said to Cli, to whom he had as yet given merely the morning greeting:

"Cli, I am going out this morning, but before I start I expect to see Moses and Gentleman Charles; you know them."

"You mean the old Jew and the man we saw at his shop?" asked the youth, languidly.

"The same. They are coming on some matter of importance, and I want you to keep out of their way but within hearing should I call. You understand?"

The youth nodded.

"Behind the curtain—"

"No," said Melchior, with a laugh. "Do you think old Mo would open his lips before searching there first? The sly old fox trusts no man. No, outside the door ready to give the alarm and to answer my call."

Cli nodded.

Melchior raised his coffee-cup and regarded him secretly over its brim. Conversant with the human mind in all its phases he felt somewhat puzzled and baulked by the strange one of the lad before him.

"Cli," he continued, "you are a quiet young dog. Perhaps, like the sailor's parrot, you think the more. Tell me. Look up, lad; I want to see your eyes."

Cli lifted his dark, pensive ones to the other's piercing orbs fearlessly.

"Tell me, are you really as ignorant of the world as I imagine you to be? Fehaw! How can you answer that? Let me put it plainer. How old are you, Cli?"

"You asked me that last night," replied the youth, sadly. "Nearly sixteen."

"And a good scholar, as scholars go—oh, Cli? You can construe Virgil, do a little in Latin verse, have studied the histories of the known world, speak French, Italian and a little Spanish, and yet, come, Cli, could you find your way from here to Fleet Street?"

"As I do not know where it is—no," returned the youth, not angrily nor impatiently, but simply sadly. "Do you know a single human being save myself, old Mo and his friend and the woman who does our bidding?"

"No," replied the youth. "You know that I do not. Whom else could I know? What have I seen but the places you have led me to? Sometimes I have watched the boys and girls at play in the square below—watched them through this dusty window, and envied them their freedom and happy laughter. Often I have been tortured with the desire to ask you—even on my knees—whence I came, who I am, and why I cannot be as other lads. But, alas, always the same reply has met the slightest hint in that direction, the frown which I see now gathering upon your brow. Melchior, though you have never told me so, and I know nothing but what thy lips have taught me, I know that my childhood, my youth, my whole life has been different to that of others, and that some mystery hangs over it. Weighted by this inward knowledge could you have me other than I am—quiet beyond my years?"

The man nodded with a satisfied smile.

"You have answered me fully, Cli, and I am at rest. I only wanted to ascertain if you knew enough of the world to realize the consequences of the life we are leading, of such a piece of workmanship as that you have so nearly completed." Here he looked over with a sardonic smile at the desk in which was locked the engraved plate of the counterfeit fifty-pound note. "But I see you do not. Where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise, Cli. Hush! there come those precious visitors. Remain here till I tell you to go, then take up your station at the door and wait."

As he finished there came a gentle, timid knock at the door, and, nodding to the youth to open it, Melchior leant back in his chair and took up the paper.

Cli opened the door, and the next instant the grizzled, hideous head of the old Jew was pushed round in a furtive, scrutinizing way.

"All right, my tear?" he whined; but, before Melchior could assure him that there was no danger to be apprehended, a sudden push from behind precipitated the fearful Israelite into the room, and a voice—the would-be aristocratic one of Gentleman Charles—was heard to exclaim:

"Go in, you old idiot; what do you think's waiting for you?"

"My tear Charles, my tear boy!" remonstrated the Jew as, followed by the other, he ambled up to the table. "You are so rash, so dreadful rash! You disturb Mishter Melchior!"

"Nonsense, Mo!" said Melchior, putting down the paper and nodding with cool nonchalance at the other. "You never disturb me, you know; I am always ready. Good morning, Charlie; have you breakfasted? Yes? Well, just a drain of cordial will do you no harm, I daresay. Cli, reach me the cognac, and then go on that errand for me."

The youth, who had taken no notice of the two visitors, though Gentleman Charlie had regarded him with keen attention, accompanied by a profound sucking of the gold top to his cane, set the brandy upon the table, and with a slow step left the room.

The Jew, with his habitual caution, immediately rose, pulled aside the curtain, and peered round it and bolted the door, ambled back into the chair with a bewildered apology about the impossibility of being too safe.

"Always cautious, Mo!" said Melchior, with a smile. "Charlie, some brandy? Old—thirty years in bottle. Another? Certainly. Well, Mo, what news?"

The old Jew threw up his hands with a dismal croak.

"Bad news, my tear! bad news!" he groaned. "Poor tear Jack—"

"Got into a scrape with that exquisite bit of work-

manship of yours, eh? I thought so! I am a bit of a prophet it seems, Mo. If I remember rightly I warned you to be careful. Wax hands are getting stale—eh, Charlie?"

"Ah, I should think so," replied that polished individual. "A lucky thing for me I backed out of it. Poor Jack—he was always a fool—got nabbed the very first try on. Rode in the Essex coach; did the sleep dodge and planted the wax hand on the outside of the cape while he went to work with his own. The old gentleman he was experimentalizing on was not such a fool as he looked, and while Jack, with his eyes shut, was fumbling about for the old boy's pocket, the knowing customer smelt a rat, took a pin and stuck it in the wax un. Of course Jack didn't flinch, and the game was up. Handed him over to the guard, and marched him off to Horsemonger. Stone-breaking for life, I'll be sworn; and all owing to one of old Mo's miserable wax uns."

"You dog!" screamed the exasperated Jew. "It was a beautiful hand! The very best—a perfect beauty!"

"Yes," answered the other; "too much of a beauty for poor Jack!"

"That will do," said Melchior, quietly. "We'll give him the best counsel, and Mo will have to put the first subscription down. Jack always was a fool! Thank Heaven he's out of the way in this affair."

"Amen!" whispered the Jew, enthusiastically. "Ah, what about this affair?" growled Gentleman Charlie. "It's been a precious long time. Nowing."

"Almost as long as one of Mo's unlucky paws, eh?" murmured Melchior, pleasantly.

The gentleman coloured awfully. "It's to be hoped it'll turn out better," he grunted.

"Yes, for your sake, my dear Charlie, or your fashionable figure will reach a more elevated position than it has ever yet attained."

Charlie turned white.

"Oh, a hanging matter, is it?" he muttered. "You're a cool hand, Melchior, a rare cool hand. I don't know that it's the best thing I can do to go in for this."

"Perhaps not," retorted Melchior, "but if I require your services you need not trouble yourself to speculate on the chances."

"Hem!" retorted the other, with a vicious leer. "Don't make too sure of your game, Mister Melchior. I ain't to be frightened, you know."

Melchior rose with the smile that was more to be feared by these men than a judge's frown.

"Now," he said, pleasantly, "that's very brave of him, is it not, Mo, eh?" and he turned to the Jew, who sat glancing from one to the other with glittering eyes, biting his nails with feverish excitement.

"Don't mind him, Mister Melchior, d—don't mind him," he spluttered out, fearfully, adding, with an air of savage ferocity to the salient gentleman at his elbow:

"Hold your tongue!"

"No, I shan't," retorted Gentleman Charlie, roused to open defiance more by Melchior's polished taunting than the Jew's rage. "I'm not going to be bullied by anybody. I say I have had enough of Melchior's dodges. They're too risky for me. Besides, they don't pay. I'm off," and with a swing of his cane he made a step towards the door.

But he had counted without his host.

With a rapid movement, full of tigerish grace, Melchior had placed himself in front of the door, and, pointing it at the top's padded breast.

"Charlie, my dear friend," he said, with quiet composure, "I am afraid you have seen your beloved Regent Street for the last time. No more will the belles of the Circus lavish their smiles on your beautiful presence. I'm going to kill you!—to kill you! and put you comfortably away. Do you know where?" he continued, dropping his tone to an intense whisper, and flashing the baleful light of his dark eyes full on the face of the cowering, "do you know where?" Down below, Charlie, below in the furnace! "Aches to aches," eh?"

The threat was too fearful in meaning, too terribly delivered to be heard without a shudder.

The old Jew's teeth chattered in his head, and he tottered up to the miserable victim with something approaching a shriek.

Gentleman Charlie's face blanched and his knees trembled unceasingly.

"M—mercy!" he breathed, in abject terror. "I—"

"Am very frightened," finished Melchior, lowering the rapier, with a malicious grin. "Come, Charlie, admit that I should make my fortune on the stage. There, sit down and let us have no more nonsense, or, by the gods above us, I shall think seriously of the little affair I hinted at. Sit down, Mo. And now for the plate," and he placed the plate upon the table.

The Jew picked it up with his talenlike fingers, and devoured it eagerly with his vulture eyes.

"Splendid!" he exclaimed, "admirable! Look, my dear Charlie."

The plate was passed to the other, who, after glancing at it, started, with a profound whistle of amazement.

"Fifties!" he murmured.

"Ah," said Melchior, "who wants to back out now, eh? Yes, fifties—and soon it shall be hundreds, my dear Charles. As well be elevated for mutton as lamb, eh? Now, come, your opinion."

"A little rough, isn't it, about the figures?"

"Yes," said Melchior; "but that is easily got over. Our friend Mo has a man in his clutches, whose neck lies in his hands, who will finish it. He should have had the whole of it, but I dared not risk it. A few hours will finish the figures, whereas the whole plate has taken weeks and weeks. Besides—"

"Another motive, my dear," interrupted the Jew, with a cunning leer.

"Just as," retorted Melchior. "A motive which you, my dear old friend, had best keep your claws from, in case I might be seized with the desire of striking them off," and as he spoke he struck with demoniac playfulness at the dirty hand with the rapier which he still held.

The Jew drew his hand back and chuckled timidly.

"Always will have his joke!" he muttered. "And what about the plate? shall I take it home?"

"And strike off a few hundred impressions on your own account?" interrupted Melchior, with a malicious twinkle. "No, you old Shylock! Being the fellow here—in this room—blindfolded, to-night; we'll keep him here to finish the figures and work off what numbers we require."

The Jew rubbed his hands with ugly delight.

"Yes, yes, my dear, I shan't."

"And then," said Melchior, "no time must be lost. Directly the notes are printed off they must be got rid of, for fear of some ill chance."

"How?" asked the Jew, impatiently.

"This way," replied Melchior. "You, Charlie, and I will take a certain quantity each, and on the same day—the same hour, if possible—work them off. I know my way, yours must be this. Charlie, you are well up in the commercial world; to you shall be left the bank."

"Phew!" whistled Charlie; "that's risky!"

"No," said Melchior, "or I should not give it to the fool of the party—no offence, Charlie. Your plan is this. Open an account at the Commercial Bank—a few hundreds will do—then request them to procure you some bills of exchange by a certain date—the date fixed on, of course, by all of us. Go to the hour, get the bills, pay for them with the notes, and hasten here, which shall be the general rendezvous. Now where's the risk? For you, Mo, this is the plan. What's the name of the man who gets the diamonds on the quiet?"

"Do Logue," said the Jew, nodding eagerly. "I see—yes, yes!"

"Tell him you want a lot of brilliants for Charlie, who means to break a bank and make himself scarce. He will get the brilliants and take the notes—never doubting their genuineness, knowing that he can get rid of them in Amsterdam."

"Splendid! What an intellect!" exclaimed the Jew, clasping his hands in ecstasy at this display of Melchior's genius. "And yourself, my dear?"

"I'll take care of myself. Don't worry yourself on my account. I will see that my part is well done. Do yours, and immediately it is done fly here as if the fiend were at your heels, as he, no doubt, may be in the shape of a constable or two. The spoil shall be divided fairly. You know me of old, you two. I take the most; mine are the brains that map out the affair, but you shall both have a liberal snack. Of course I don't presume to offer such men of the world as you are any advice, but what I shall do for my part is to try fresh fields and pastures new—France, Italy, perhaps Spain, Ireland, Norway, or indeed anywhere out of reach of our friends at Bow Street. One word more. Charlie, keep yourself quiet and in reserve for this. Mo, no more wax hands or dangerous folly of that kind. This is the biggest haul you ever had, or will have; so lay up for it."

Both men nodded eagerly; the quiet, calm confidence of their leader inspired them with a shadow-like courage of their own. Their eyes wandered first from his face to the copper plate, then back again, while fairy visions of enormous wealth floated before their eyes.

Melchior watched them and every expression of their eager faces with deliberate attention, his own face as impassive, as calm and unchanging as his voice.

There was a moment's silence as he finished.

Then the Jew, rubbing his two hands together, looked towards the door.

"What about the lad—does he know?"

"Leave him to me," said Melchior.

Gentleman Charles looked up with a frown.

"I'm half afraid of that chap," he said, with a sudden shake of the head. "He's too quiet by half; your quiet ones are always the most knowing. Perhaps he's best out of the way—"

Before he could finish a sudden exclamation from the Jew—who had been looking at Melchior—stopped him and caused him to look up. What he saw in Melchior's face made him wish he had held his tongue. It was black with an intensity of emotion that denoted how strong an effort was required to keep his passion in restraint.

"You run on too fast, my friend," came slowly but with terrible intensity from the compressed thin lips. "By Heavens! I'd lay the man dead, if he had a thousand lives, who touched a hair of the boy's head!"

## CHAPTER X.

Fine feathers make fine birds.

A loon, a little loon,

Off bears a weighty interest.

At the hour appointed a neat cabriolet drew up at the Baron de Montpierre's mansion, and the cavalier, exquisitely but quietly attired in morning costume, alighted. A footman, in the baron's livery, met him at the top of the stone steps, and conducted him to the vestibule, a costly hall, decorated with frescoes and panelled with costly mosaics; here a second retainer, still in possession of him and led him to a third, who, after bowing, led him into the baron's study, speedily returned another him to the wealthy nobleman's apartment.

The baron was seated in an easy-chair, embellished with his Rheinhart arms, and facing a table literally loaded with daintily bound ledgers and daybooks, and piles of papers and legal documents. The walls of the apartment were lined with large tin boxes, bearing the names of several well-known mercantile houses, and not a few money-borrowing principalities.

Taking in the whole aspect of the room as well as the appearance of its occupant, who, flushed by a late debauch, and attired in a purple silk dressing-gown, was the most conspicuous part of it, the Chevalier de Morlaix made a profound bow, and shook the red hand extended to him.

"Take a chair," said the baron, sweeping a pile of documents from one end and jerking it forward. "You are punctual—nothing like it. Punctuality is the soul of business. I hope I see you well, milord?"

The cavalier was well, and returned the compliment.

They talked a little of the duchess's soirée—the cavalier condoling the baron on the loss of his valuable gem, and then with infinite tact glided into the business of the interview. The baron was all anxiety and ill concealed it; his large, over-stretched eyes blinked greedily, and he listened with unctuous satisfaction as the ambassador unfolded his plan.

"I need scarcely say, baron, that at present the negotiations must be considered as private."

"Certainly, certainly," said the baron. "Quite so. It's a large sham—a very large sham—but the State can give good security, you say?"

"Most unexceptionable," said the cavalier, glibly.

"And the interest you agree to, the interest of ten per cent?"

The cavalier bowed.

"It is not exorbitant," he said, "considering all things. Believe me, my dear baron, the State will not be unmindful of the service you will render it by this loan. If it can testify its satisfaction—I may say gratitude—in any tangible way I think I may pronounce that it will not let an opportunity slip. Unfortunately the Baron de Montpierre is already too highly placed to be much gratified by a Venetian title; but if—"

"Not at all, milord," eagerly corrected the baron, who snatched at this hint of something beyond the exorbitant interest. "Not at all. I shall only be too proud of any mark of the State's esteem. Ham! when do you want the money?"

"Not for some weeks yet, my dear baron. Meanwhile I must impress upon your mind the importance of most profound secrecy in respect to the negotiation. Should the fact of our requesting a loan get wind—nay, indeed, the mere rumour that I am here in London as the representative of the State—I would not answer for the consequences."

The baron swore secrecy and the cavalier rose to go. The great money-lender, however, seemed reluctant to part with so easy and amiable a victim, and insisted upon ringing up a choice vintage of Johannisberg, and the two noblemen discussed politics of which the cavalier seemed as great a master as the baron himself—with mutual satisfaction till the bottle was drained.

"You will be at the opera to-night, my dear cher—"



valier?" asked the baron, opening the door and signalling for footman No. 3.

"No, I did not think of it," said the chevalier, toying with the diamonds at his wrist.

"What? No! Why, all the world is going. The great Gregori is to appear to-night, and the house will be crammed. I am going with my Lady Melville—a superb woman, chevalier, oh?" and the baron smacked his full lips with unction—"my Lord Harcourt, and the duchess. Pray join us. I'm sure the ladies will be glad to see you. Eh, what do you say?"

The chevalier bowed his acknowledgments, but would not promise either way, and so the two great men parted, the footmen escorting my lord the Chevalier de Mornai to his cab with the most profound respect and servility.

As the baron had prophesied the opera-house was full, crammed to the ceiling. Gregori was a favourite, and this was the first night of the season.

In the Duchess of Sparkleton's box were besides her grace Lady Melville and Lord Harcourt. The baron had not yet appeared, though his chair was set for him behind the duchess's and that of Lady Melville.

The overture had concluded amid a burst of un-governable applause, when the box-door opened and admitted the duke.

Before he had taken his seat the baron entered, and in his usual noisy style went through the round of greetings.

"Where's the chevalier? Not come? Ah, he will be here directly," he added, with something very like a wink at the duchess.

"What chevalier?" asked her grace, who had quite forgotten him.

"The Chevalier de Mornai," replied the baron, rolling the title off his tongue with emphasis.

"Oh, yes! Is he coming?" she said. "Dear me, I am so glad. My dear," turning to Lady Melville, "that is the gentleman about whom you were inquiring."

Lady Melville raised her brows indifferently.

"Indeed, your grace?" Then, turning to the baron, "Have you found your diamond, baron?"

"Alas! no," he replied, with profound mournfulness. "I shall never see it more. It was a beautiful brilliant, and one given me by the prince himself."

"You must advertise, baron," said Lord Harcourt, with his cold smile.

"And he called a fool," said the wily German.

"Non, non, not for me, my lord. Peopleish would say, 'Ye will not give the baron any more little presents if he does not know how to take care of them. Hah, hah!'"

"Very true," laughed Lord Harcourt. "You are always so acute, my lord."

At that moment a box directly opposite the duchess was entered by an aristocratic-looking gentleman and an extremely lovely girl.

The duchess responded to the gentleman's old-fashioned but courtly bow.

Lord Harcourt flashed a significant glance at the handsome face of Lady Melville beside him. It paled for a moment, then flushed a hot crimson; as she shot a look of hate towards the new comers, and then returned Lord Harcourt's with a glance of deep meaning.

The first astrover a buzz of conversation followed, and her grace, turning to ask Lord Harcourt's opinion on the performance, started to find the calm but singular face of the chevalier looking at her from out of the semi-darkness of the back of the box. He came forward with a courtly reverence and made his bow.

"I startled your grace; pray pardon me. Entering during the performance of the music I preferred to remain unseen until its completion rather than spoil your enjoyment by an interruption. Dare I hope your grace will forgive me?"

The soft, plausible tones won a smile from the duchess, who nodded graciously.

"You are a very noiseless, mysterious man indeed, my lord. We English are not so attentive to the music as you courtly Venetians. Lady Melville, the Chevalier de Mornai. You will remember him at the soirée last night."

Lady Melville bowed in token of recognition, and the chevalier exchanged a few words with her; but after a little while withdrew to the back of the box and seemed to become absorbed by the music—likewise by the audience, for as his eyes wandered round the tiers of brilliantly filled boxes his attention was suddenly attracted by the box opposite, and with a gesture which might have denoted surprise or satisfaction he raised his jewelled glasses and took a deliberate survey of the gentleman and the girl, though he apparently only gave them a passing glance.

From then his eyes fell to the dark, handsome face beneath him, and a smile of deep and sardonic humor

crossed his lips as he saw the dark light in her eyes and the heavy frown upon her brow.

"Ah, ah, madam," he murmured, inaudibly. "If eyes could kill our two friends opposite would stand little chance of long life!"

The second act was now concluded. Immediately the applause subsided the duke disappeared, and Lord Harcourt dropped into the vacant chair and commenced a conversation with the duchess, though he could still hear every word that passed between the amorous baron and Lady Melville.

The chevalier, thus left alone, drew a little nearer to the front and glanced into the pit.

But an opera-glass levelled full at him by a man seated in the front row and bearing a remarkable likeness to Gentleman Charlie caused him to draw back in time to hear a remark of the baron.

"That's a very beautiful girl opposite, my lady?"

"Ye—es?" said Lady Melville, coldly. "Do you think so? I don't admire that style of beauty. It is, too insipid, tame and spiritless. What do you say, chevalier?"

"If I might venture to disagree from your ladyship I would say that the face, though pale and timid, is rather spirituelle than otherwise. There is a depth about the eyes, a flexibility round the curves of the mouth that one does not often see in so immature a face. Ah, yes, she is very beautiful!"

"Well, it is a matter of taste," said her ladyship, smiling sweetly.

"Do you know them?" asked the chevalier, fixing his dark eyes upon hers with innocent carelessness.

"Yes—and no," replied her ladyship, flushing, conscious of the sudden gleam from Lord Harcourt, who half-turned to catch her answer. "The gentleman is Sir Ralph Melville—the girl is his daughter. They are related to me."

She stopped, and the chevalier was too courteous and well bred to press farther.

"Ah," he said, thoughtfully, still regarding her from beneath his half-drooped eyelids. "Yes, the girl is beautiful, but alas, she will never be more so than she is now."

"What do you say?" asked her grace, with surprise, while Lord Harcourt turned languidly round and eyed the speaker through his gold-mounted glasses.

"We were speaking of the young lady opposite, your grace. Lady Melville has been good enough to ask my opinion. I admit her beauty and deplore its immaturity, for I see no chance of its ripening!"

"Why?" asked her grace, with surprise, while Lady Melville fixed her dark eyes upon his calm, placid face with terrible earnestness.

"Because," he said, smiling at the mouth of the baron, which, wide open just beneath him, looked a positively dangerous pitfall, "because, if my knowledge of medicine does not mislead me, the young lady will never reach womanhood."

A sharp, half-suppressed exclamation dropped from Lady Melville's tightly closed lips.

"Heaven bless me!" muttered the baron. "What do you say?"

"To a protracted eye," continued the chevalier, with the same slow composure and distinct utterance, "it is easy to detect the signs of that fell disease—consumption. They show themselves in the face, in the form, in the very expression. The senora opposite has all these signs plainly marked. Alas, that one so beautiful should be fated to die so young!"

Lady Melville rose with a sudden gesture. She was as white as a sheet and trembling.

"Your grace," she breathed, "the heat has overpowered me; I—"

"Permit me to conduct her ladyship to a cooler atmosphere," said the chevalier, offering his arm with evident concern.

But her ladyship shrank from the strange glitter of his dark eyes, and, almost clinging to Lord Harcourt's arm, stepped past him.

The chevalier, not at all discouraged, followed, closing the box door behind him, so that no others could follow, for his quick eyes had seen a similar movement in the occupants of the box opposite, and he was anxious to witness the results of a meeting in the lobby.

Of the two individuals in the opposite box only one was conscious of the regard which they were attracting.

Sir Ralph had come up to town for the purpose of giving his beloved daughter a little change of air and scene, and had promised as a great treat that she should accompany him to the opera.

On his entrance he had recognized the duchess, and was about to point her out to Lily, but caught sight of his enemy, Lady Melville, in time to arrest his words.

For the moment he almost rose with the intention of quitting the house, but a little consideration prevented him.

He could not leave the theatre immediately after his entrance without giving Lily some definite reason or leaving her to imagine that the cause was serious and mysterious.

Sir Ralph could not tell a falsehood—not even to the extent of feigning sudden indisposition—to his beautiful idol, and he judged it best to remain and shield, as much as possible, the object of Lady Melville's aversion from her gaze.

Accordingly, he drew the beautiful girl aside and pulled the curtain halfway across the box; but Lily, ignorant of his wish, leant forward, and so frustrated his design.

It was her first opera; she was an intellectual, ardent, and poetical child.

With the first burst of music her whole soul was aroused and shone from her extended eyes.

From the entrance of the singers to the fall of the curtain she never removed her gaze from the stage, and when the first burst of applause burst forth she sank back into her chair and breathed a sigh—almost of relief.

Sir Ralph, who had watched her, a great deal more than the performance, bent forward and whispered:

"Well, Lily, are you enjoying it?"

"Oh, papa!" she replied, clasping her hands.

"How much! It is beyond all expression. I don't wonder at the people seeming so pleased—but I could not clap my hands, it is too divine for that. I feel more inclined to cry! Tell me, papa, how long will they be before they commence again?"

"Only a few minutes, my dear," he replied, almost forgetting the presence opposite in the joy of his child's enjoyment. "Will you not take a little lemonade or an ice, Lily?"

"No, no; I could not eat or drink, papa; it would spoil my happiness. Hush! They are playing again!" and with an absorbed eagerness she leant forward to catch every note of the music.

So far all had gone well.

The girl had been too enrapt to gaze round the house, but there were two more acts, and in the intervals she might turn and look round—perhaps catch the glances which were directed at her from the opposite box and ask the names of the people who bestowed them.

Had he been asked his reasons for dreading—for he did dread as well as dislike—Lady Melville, Sir Ralph would have been puzzled to give them.

Enough that he knew his own and his daughter's death would be beneficial to his brother's widow, and that he felt, assuredly, that she was not a woman to stand at trifles, or more than trifles where her interest was concerned. Little of the music reached his ears, and for him the gorgeous pageant unrolled itself in vain. His eyes wandered from his beautiful and innocent Lily to the dark and serenely handsome face of the woman he hated.

No gesture of hers escaped him, and he saw the start with which she turned to the strange-looking chevalier when he entered.

The second act concluded, and then, as he had dreaded, Lily looked round with an exclamation of delight at the wonderful mass of faces and the glitter of colours and jewels.

At that moment it was that the mournful prophecy of the chevalier was uttered; and the girl's attention was attracted and chained by the sudden pallor and agitation of Lady Melville.

"Look, papa!" she cried, "that lady has fainted! How beautiful she is—and, oh, how pale!"

"Hush, my dear," he replied, trembling, and with his eyes fixed upon her ladyship. "Ah, yes, I see; the—the heat, possibly. It is hot, too hot for you, my dear. Come!" and with a suddenness that alarmed the girl he caught her arm and drew her back.

Had he waited a moment longer he would have seen Lady Melville rise also, and so by remaining have avoided what followed, but as if for life and death he hastily wrapped the wondering girl in her cape and, tenderly putting her arm on his, left the box.

"Are you ill, papa?" she asked, anxiously. "You look so pale! Poor papa! How selfish of me. I have been so delighted and so happy while you were suffering. What is it? Oh, do let us sit down a little while," she urged, "until you are better. See, here is a chair."

But he was all on fire to leave the theatre, and, with a gesture of dissent, hurried her down one of the staircases while Lady Melville, the chevalier, and Lord Harcourt were almost as hurriedly descending by another.

They met in the lobby.

With a crimson flush Lady Melville half drew back, and Sir Ralph passed on.

But at that moment Lily, who had bent a pitying glance upon the handsome lady who like her father had been taken ill, dropped her handkerchief, and the chevalier, whose quick eyes allowed nothing to escape, stooped and recovered it.

Touching the baronet on the arm, he said, with a courtly bend:

"The lady has dropped her handkerchief, sir—allow me—"

Sir Ralph, who at once imagined it to be a planned scheme for stopping him, turned with a gesture of anger.

"Sir! How dare you—"

But a something in the calm face and dark, expressive eyes stopped him.

"I beg your pardon," he said, brokenly. "Lily, is this your handkerchief?"

"Yes, papa," she said, then, turning with a blush to the chevalier, who stood regarding her with a curious expression, almost of pity, she added: "I thank you, sir, I dropped it—"

But Sir Ralph would not allow her to finish and, almost abruptly, bore her off to the hall.

"Soh!" muttered the chevalier, with a dark smile. "He dreads the beautiful tigress and would keep the lamb in ignorance of her existence. Hem! we shall see." And, raising his voice, he advanced to the door, calling: "Lady Melville's carriage!"

The girl started at the name, and shrinking closer to her father watched, with a flushed face, the woman whom she had been commanded not to name.

Sir Ralph, who had hoped to reach his brougham and escape before the others, stood aside with an angry stare and waited for the others to pass.

Lady Melville, who had by this time recovered her usual composure, glided by laughingly, bestowing one calm, sweeping glance upon the stern father and the shrinking girl and, turning with a half-contemptuous smile to Lord Harcourt, who had been watching the scene with his usual phlegmatic keenness.

The two gentlemen, having assisted her ladyship to her carriage, waited a moment until Sir Ralph's brougham was called.

"Ah," whispered the chevalier, with perfectly assumed surprise, "Is the ferocious-looking gentleman a relative to her ladyship, my lord?"

"Yes," replied Lord Harcourt, coldly. "Had we not better return to the duchess?"

The chevalier bowed and followed his companion up the staircase but not without a last parting glance at the baronet, who, still as stern and angry-looking, was helping the beautiful girl into the brougham.

"Good night, Sir Ralph," he murmured, inaudibly. "Take care of your one ewe lamb; her ladyship has claws! Well, 'tis not so bad a scene for the opening of her life's drama. And now for my friend the baron. I fancy I have put a spoke in the wheels of his hope that will stop their progress pretty well."

"How is this?" said Lord Harcourt as they approached the box, at the door of which there was a loud knocking. "The door has been closed."

"Ah, that must have been my carelessness," said the chevalier. "How very stupid. I closed it behind me, forgetting that your boxes are—unlike ours in Venice—miniature prison houses."

His lordship half turned and looked suspicious, but the Venetian nobleman appeared so sorry for his mistake, hastening to efface it by opening the door and apologizing to the baron, who was fuming and fretting at having been prevented from following Lady Melville, that Lord Harcourt's doubts were dissolved.

"A thousand pardons, baron!" murmured the chevalier. "Your grace, a foreigner's ignorance must plead for me."

"Her ladyship—is she better?" asked the duchess of Lord Harcourt.

"Quite recovered, but thought it prudent to retire."

The duchess glanced over at the now empty opposite box significantly, but Lord Harcourt was either dense or averse to exchange gestures on the subject, but with grave imperturbability dropped into his chair and languidly closed his eyes.

The chevalier ventured to glide into the empty chair beside her grace, and at once employed his art to enliven the interval between the opera and the ballet, for which last the duke was now ascending the stairs.

So well did he talk that the duchess—as she afterwards admitted—was charmed out of herself, and sparkled back the flashes of wit that darted from his well-formed lips and brilliant eyes.

The duke entering found them thus: the chevalier talking brilliantly, the duchess and the two gentlemen listening in spite of themselves with pleasure and delight.

"Well," said her grace, as the house rose, "I have lost almost all the ballet owing to you, my chevalier. You are very naughty, but infinitely amusing."

"I wonder if her grace could prevail upon you to sup with us."

The chevalier shook his head, while he assisted Lord Harcourt to arrange her grace's wraps.

"I must fly away to my couch, your grace; we

ambassadors cannot afford so much time for pleasure."

"Oh, come, the secret is out," laughed the duchess, slyly. "Ambassadors! Pray are you from the Pope? You are wicked and witty enough."

In the low laughter that greeted this sally, in which the chevalier joined with a ready and graceful smile, the ducal party reached home.

The house had been a full one and the crush was great, almost as great as that which had distinguished the breaking up of her grace's soirées. And, strange to say, accompanied by the same incident—a robbery.

The chevalier, with true Italian politeness, had pushed his way to the door in search of her grace's carriage.

A man passing in the crowd clustered at the entrance pushed against him.

The chevalier was seen to remonstrate with him, but suddenly uttered an exclamation of anger and darted into the street.

Almost immediately he returned and making his way back to the duchess said, with great agitation:

"Pray your grace and gentlemen, take care! There are pickpockets about! I have just had two of my studs stolen!"

And he pointed to his shirt-front, in which there remained only one black pearl, the other two of great price having disappeared.

The duchess, with a fluster, commenced examining her jewellery and uttered a small shriek.

"Oh, Heaven! I have lost my bracelet!"

"Zounds!" cried his grace. "Not the emeralds?"

"Yes," moaned her grace, "and my diamond pendant!"

Some voice in the crowd, who were getting an inkling of what had happened, cried:

"Pickpockets! Pickpockets!"

And there was an instant confusion.

In the midst of it the baron gave out a loud groan and held up his left hand, which at his entrance to the opera had been loaded, we had almost written "adorned," with three massive rings.

The constables came up and there was confusion ten thousand times confounded, but, as in the case of the soirées, the thief could not be detected, though several other persons had been robbed, and the chevalier discovered that he had been a still greater loser than he at first supposed, for turning out his pockets he found them to have been all emptied—not even his pocket-handkerchief remaining.

Lord Harcourt, who had lost nothing, and up to this moment had been eyeing the chevalier with cold and suspicious gaze, now with a look of relief joined in the general condolences, and with an air of regret and annoyance the party separated—the duke and duchess to their carriage, Lord Harcourt to his club, and the chevalier calling his cabriolet—which at that moment drove up.

Giving the name of a well-known and fashionable hotel, the chevalier sprang into the vehicle and was driven off in its direction; the cabriolet, however, did not stop at the destination directed, but suddenly sweeping to the left made its way at a good pace eastwards.

By Cripplegate Church it drew up, and the driver went up to the door and opened it.

"All safe, Charlie?" said the chevalier, "no pursuit? Give me the trinkets."

"Here you are," said the mock coachman, laughing, as he handed a handful of glittering jewellery to his fare.

"It was well done, eh, captain?"

"Vilely!" retorted the chevalier. "Lucky for you, my friend, that it was I who gave you chase. Had it been a constable with the intention of catching you, you would be in the look-up by this time. Bah, man, one should be like an eel in such a crowd; you were too slow by half."

"Well," muttered Charles, for it was he, "it went right notwithstanding. But, there, you always find fault."

"For your good, ungrateful idiot. Bah, there—there's your fare. Now drive home and keep quiet."

And giving him one of the baron's rings the chevalier carefully covered his exquisite evening-dress with a large cloak, which he took from the cab, and walked off hurriedly in the direction of Spitalfields.

(To be continued.)

**AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY.**—An English gentleman has recently discovered near the Wells of Moses, by the Red Sea, the remains of ironwork so vast that they must have employed thousands of workmen. Near the works are to be found the ruins of a temple, and of a barracks for the soldiers protecting or keeping the workmen in order. These works are supposed to be at least three thousand years old.

**THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.**—The great tubular

iron masts made at Chatham Dockyard for the "Undaunted," 28, screw frigate, 4,020 (3,039) tons, 2,508 (600) horse-power, have been shipped from that yard to be conveyed to Sheerness, where the "Undaunted" is fitting for sea. It is rumoured that Captain the Duke of Edinburgh will be appointed to the command of this ship when she is ready for service. The "Undaunted" was launched some years ago, but has never yet been put into commission. She is a wooden vessel.

**NAPOLÉONIC FÊTE AT CHISLEHURST.**—M. Roubaud and a distinguished circle of adherents of the Empire attended the Napoleonic fête at Chislehurst. The French deputation included a number of youths bearing a flag inscribed to Prince Napoleon, and also three of the Great Napoleon's veterans. A short service was performed in the chapel, and afterwards an assembly formed in front of Camden House. The Prince delivered a short speech, declaring that he would always be true to the motto of his dynasty, "All for the people, and by the people."

**DALBY HALL.**—The old manorial estate known as Old Dalby Hall, about seven miles from Melton Mowbray, has been sold. The mansion is a fine specimen of the Tudor style, having ample accommodation, and 343 acres of grass land and plantations, lying in a ring fence. It was announced that the estate would be disposed of in one or nine lots, but after a spirited bidding, the attendance being numerous and influential, the whole property was sold in one lot for 19,000*l.* to Mr. John Wright, of Osmaston Manor, Derby.

**COINAGE OF FIVE-FRANC PIECES IN PARIS.**—The Paris Mint is at this moment coining enormous quantities of silver five-franc pieces, the approaching circulation of which will have for effect to restrict the emission of the small notes of the Bank of France, which have rendered great service to the country and prevented a monetary crisis. As for gold, which has gradually disappeared by degrees as the payments to Germany were made, and which has become as scarce as before 1848, hopes are entertained of seeing it shortly as plentiful as ever.

**AN OLD TRAVELLER.**—Sir Henry Holland, who is over eighty-five years of age, has just left town on his ordinary two months' tour for Nijni-Novgorod. Sir Henry has made eight voyages to the United States and Canada, and one to Jamaica; he has four times travelled over the East; has made three tours to Algeria, two in Russia, and has several times visited Sweden and Norway, yet he says he has never lost a patient by his wanderings. More than once in returning from America he has begun his round of visits on stepping into his carriage at the Euston Railway Station.

**NEXT YEAR'S EXHIBITION.**—The programme of the London International Exhibition of 1874, which is described as the fourth of the series, has been issued. The exhibition will consist of the following classes:—Lace (hand and machine made); architectural and building contrivances; sanitary apparatus and constructions; cement and plaster work, etc.; heating by all methods and kinds of fuel; leather, including saddlery and harness; manufactures of leather; bookbinding; foreign wines in the vaults of the Royal Albert Hall. Collections of ancient works of industry will be admissible. The Commissioners have decided that the collection of works of deceased British artists to be formed in connection with the London International Exhibition of next year shall consist of works by the following artists:—Painters in oil—J. Constable, R.A., died 1837; Augustus Egg, R.A., 1863; David Roberts, R.A., 1864; David Wilkie, R.A., 1841. Painters in water colours—J. Coney, died 1833; J. S. Cotman, 1842; F. Mackenzie, 1854; S. Prout, 1852; A. Pugin, 1832; J. M. W. Turner, R.A. (architectural only), 1851; C. Wild, 1835.

**ST. JOHN'S GATE.**—In the densely populated neighbourhood of Clerkenwell there is a venerable structure known as St. John's Gate. It is a part of the famous house originally belonging to the Knights of St. John, and is now all that remains of that structure. It was here, too, that Dr. Johnson first contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which was printed on the premises. There is a story that the great lexicographer's dinner was pushed to him behind a screen upon one occasion, because his apparel was too poor to permit of his appearance before one of the printer's guests. Here, too, Garrick made his first appearance in London as an actor. For many years St. John's Gate has been occupied as a tavern, to the grief of the man of letters and to the chagrin of the antiquary. A change is, however, about to come over its fortunes. The English Order of the Knights of St. John have lately, by purchase, regained possession of the freehold. The drinking-bar will disappear, and the building is to be completely restored. In course of time it will be quite an ornament to the new thoroughfare now in process of construction between Old Street and Oxford Street.

By the

A

MEAN

lying mo

boat, ha

cliffs, of

Sir Robe

third wee

midnight

from the

victim w

had alone

derate w

Robert C

use of an

His m

not speak

Elan h

fore, and

should e

Sir Robe

from the

the law

them hun

Elan, a

bert from

and more

obeyed hi

to signify

as Elan o

The m

his maste

bad brow

As Sir

the prow

bert was

by a rope

wall, and

precipitor

Not til

cavern, w

most seer

his tool,

Sir Rob

because h

reasons w

"How

Elan wer

you woul

The m





[THE CHAINED LION.]

## WHO IS HE?

By the Author of "Lord Dane's Error," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER V.

A jewel in a ten times barred up chest  
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast. *Shakespeare.*

MEANWHILE Maurice Champion, whom we saw last lying motionless and insensible in the bottom of the boat, had been transferred to a retreat among the cliffs, of which Sir Robert and one other alone knew. Sir Robert did not dare to go near the place till the third week. Then, under cover of the darkness, at midnight, and with no one trusted with his absence from the Court, he rowed himself over to where his victim was in the charge of the sure confederate he had alone entrusted with that secret. This confederate was a mute, and hence tolerably safe. Sir Robert Calthorpe was too cautious a man to make use of any but the surest tools.

His man's name was Elan, and though he could not speak he could hear.

Elan had been carried away by pirates years before, and his tongue cut out by the villains lest he should escape some time and betray their haunts. Sir Robert had by the merest chance rescued him from their hands, and afterwards by his means set the law after the rogues, and had the last one of them hung or transported.

Elan, a harmless, ignorant fellow, adored Sir Robert from that hour, and became as devoted to him and more useful than the most faithful of dogs. He obeyed him unquestioningly; Sir Robert had only to signify his wishes and they were fulfilled as far as Elan could fulfil them.

The mute was waiting at the foot of the cliff for his master, as he had waited every night since they had brought their victim thither.

As Sir Robert's boat touched the rock Elan caught the prow and held it with his giant hand till Sir Robert was out. Then he secured it from floating away by a rope safely tied about a projection of the stony wall, and taking the baronet's hand led him up the precipitous path.

Not till they were actually within the hidden cavern, which had formerly been one of the pirates' most secret lurking-places, did Sir Robert question his tool, terrible as his anxiety was.

Sir Robert did not wish his victim to die, partly because he shrank from actual murder, and for other reasons which will appear hereafter.

"How is he?" he questioned, as soon as he and Elan were inside the cave. "Living, of course, or you would have contrived to let me know."

The mute nodded gravely.

"Will he die?"

Elan shook his head, but still looked anxious and excited.

"Fierce, is he?" said the baronet, with a slight tremor of anxiety.

Elan clenched his hands and made the gesture of knocking a man down, then he took the light from a rocky shelf, and showed a huge lump on his own massive front—he was an immense fellow. Sir Robert could but infer how he got that lump, and his own heart quaked at thought of that lion soul he had outraged, and the vengeance that might yet be exacted of him as penalty.

"Lucky we chained him before he came to," he muttered, savagely. "Take me to him."

Elan turned at once into a passage which was to the right of them, and led still deeper into the earth. Some twenty paces on he turned again, and presently stopped before an opening, with a deer-skin hung before it. This he lifted and held for Sir Robert to enter.

The baronet hesitated a moment, and then advanced into the room, if such it might be called. It looked like a dungeon in some grim and terrible prison. It was, perhaps, twenty feet long, certainly not more than three feet wide.

At its farthest extremity the straggling light of the lamp Elan carried showed a heap of worn skins, and something lying thereon, which did not make a sound or stir as they drew nearer cautiously.

The mute's warning touch upon Sir Robert's shoulder and his warning looks were calculated to deter that gentleman from trusting himself within reach of that strong young arm, whose prowess this giant had so lately tested, and whose vengeance he had so much more cause to fear.

Ah! if Lady Isabel could have seen her worshipped husband now.

He lay upon the pile of old furs, his head upon one arm. He was chained to the wall, but you could not see the hateful iron links as he lay. He was asleep, and the beautiful face had the peace of a child's. In sleep, at least, he did not know what he had lost, nor was he tormented with any forebodings of the horrible fate which awaited him. The thick, curling looks had fallen over his white forehead, the mouth smiled in his slumber.

Sir Robert began to tremble. The sight of the innocent young manhood he had set himself to destroy made even his hard heart soften against his will, and turned him, pitiless as he was, weak and cowardly of purpose.

"Wake him," he said, gruffly, at last; "I have only time to speak with him a few moments before I must go. Lady Isabel watches me like a lynx. I shall be missed, and my absence reported to her, if

I do not hasten. My own servants, I fancy sometimes, are in her pay."

At sound of his harsh voice the sleeper stirred uneasily, but he did not wake.

Elan approached him cautiously, mindful of the blow whose marks he bore upon his forehead, and Sir Robert, growing impatient, called out, loudly:

"Maurice! Maurice Champion!"

The young man started upright, as if he had been struck. It was the voice he had longed to hear ever since his vile incarceration in this mountain den. He had suspected who his cowardly abductor was from the presence of Elan, with whose devotion to Sir Robert Calthorpe he was well acquainted.

"So you have come," he cried, his eyes aflame and so menacing in their blaze that Sir Robert retreated a few paces involuntarily. "Have you come to finish your work, coward? Have you come to murder me? Do it, and I warn you that to your dying day I will haunt you, and when death claims you I will come with him to torture you from the grave. You shall never rest even there."

Sir Robert shrank and turned pale involuntarily, but he knew that his prisoner could not reach him, and his cowardly fears remained sufficiently under his control to let him speak at a safe distance from his chained victim.

"It is necessary, Maurice," he said, "that you should understand that I am a desperate man, and that you are wholly at my mercy."

"You look desperate," scornfully responded undaunted Maurice. "I can see your knees knocking together from here. Chained as I am, you are afraid of me, and well you may be. Soon or late you shall answer for this deed."

The young man's form seemed to dilate to twice its real size as he spoke.

Sir Robert's looks darkened; but he went on.

"You are at my mercy," he repeated; "do not doubt it. You are as dead to all the world, to all you love and value this moment as if you had never existed."

He paused.

In spite of his intrepid spirit Maurice Champion was painfully impressed by Sir Robert's manner. He could not repress a shudder.

"Not to Isabel, not to my wife!" he cried. "She always doubted you. She must suspect you now of being concerned in the mystery of my disappearance."

"She believes you are dead. A body dressed in your clothes was found on the shore last week. It has been buried in your name. The face was so altered by exposure to the water that the body could only be identified by the clothes. I alone, of all

your friends, maintained that this was not your body. But I did that to blind them, and at the same time strengthen them in their opinions by opposition. Your Isabel this moment supposes she is a widow, and has already gone into the deepest mourning for you."

Maurice Champion could not repress a groan of rage and agony.

Sir Robert smiled in a ghastly way. "Being in reality as dead to your wife as though you had departed this life, you will the more readily perhaps embrace the offer I came here to make you, the only choice that is left you. Listen, Maurice Champion. False and untruthful as I may be myself, I would trust you upon oath. Swear to me by an oath I shall dictate that you will go willingly to whatever land I may choose to send you out of England. Swear never to make any attempt to see your wife. Swear to deny your own identity if she should ever chance upon you—in short, to oblige the past and her as if it had never been, and begin life again without any connection with Lady Isabel or England. Swear this and you shall live unharmed; you shall receive also such a sum of money as shall place you above want, with the opportunity of increasing it lawfully, and becoming a rich and honoured gentleman, far from here. Choose."

Much as he had already suffered in these three horrible weeks of suspense and inaction since his abduction, and though the pain and agony of that time had given him some suspicion of the remorseless and cruel nature of the man in whose power he was, Maurice Champion had imagined nothing like this.

"Are you human?" he demanded. "Can you be in earnest in making me so monstrous and infamous a proposition? You know that I will not entertain it one moment. You know that if you meant every word you say I would a million times sooner surrender my life than forewear my wife—my precious Isabel!"

"Your life is not the alternative," said Sir Robert, in a strange and deadly voice.

A vague chill ran through Maurice Champion's vigorous young frame. He laughed desperately the next moment, however.

"My life is not the alternative," he said. "What then? Do you think of reviving the Inquisition privately? Are you going to put me on the rack, or make me kiss the Virgin, or burn me with red-hot pincers, or stick me with pins? It would be a most congenial diversion to the noble and honourable baronet, no doubt."

"You have not guessed it—you have not guessed the half," responded Sir Robert, in a still more terrible voice. "That which awaits you if you refuse to accede to my terms is a million times beyond anything you have imagined or ever conceived. Death even you would welcome eagerly in place of it. Any physical torture would be mercy beside the fate that I have prepared for you if you defy me."

Maurice Champion smiled incredulously, but his lips whitened in spite of him at his enemy's malignant tone and look.

"This alternative," he said, after a pause—"name it."

"I never meant to kill you," Sir Robert answered; "your life is of more value to me than your death. While you live I have it always in my power to prevent Lady Isabel from marrying again, and thus again impelling that inheritance which ought to come to my children. If you refuse the oath I have offered you, you shall not die; you shall not lose your wife merely, you shall be deprived of your very memory of her. I will blot her image out of your soul, and all other images. The past shall become as dark to you as the future is now. You shall forget your own face, your own name. I will not leave to you one remembrance either of your happiness or your wrongs."

"That would be making an idiot of me," said Maurice, shuddering again. "I suppose people can be drugged into idiocy. Is that what you mean you will do with me, Sir Robert Calthorpe?"

The other smiled triumphantly.

"No," he said, "your mind would remain to you. It would be only the past I should take from you, only your memory I should touch."

"You cannot," cried Maurice, in a fury of horror. "It is not in the power of man, if it be in your desires to do so awful a thing."

"It is in my power. I am not a young man, Maurice Champion, and years ago, before you ever saw me, while travelling in Asia, I had the fortune to save the life of a learned dervish. In return he gave me a compound which will do what I say, if administered properly."

"What if I refuse to take it?"

"You can be compelled."

"Not by you; not by you and your giant slave together," said Maurice, drawing himself erect in his little strength like a young lion.

Sir Robert smiled again.

"Starvation would soon make you weak as a

young babe. If you refuse the oath I offer you you shall live without food or drink till you are ready to quaff my draught of your own free will. You shall live on day by day, with only that within your reach, and neither food nor water shall pass your lips till you have swallowed that."

Maurice Champion shuddered in spite of himself.

"Are you a demon?" he asked. "I am only a man," answered Sir Robert, "a hard and selfish one I own; a desperate and wicked man if you like. I mean to have Kirston Wold. I mean to have for myself and my children all those vast estates and riches you and Isabel Champion have expected to enjoy. To secure those I would not hesitate at far more than the temporary destruction of a human mind."

"Temporary!" repeated Maurice Champion, in a kind of tremulous fascination. "Granting that this monstrous scheme with which you have been entertaining me is the truth, what do you mean by the word temporary?"

"I mean that after a short, utter blank your mind would return to you, like a little child's, only atrophied. But you would be a new man so far as your own knowledge of yourself goes. You would have to begin at the beginning and learn as if you had never known it everything that you know now, and no memory of the past could by any possibility ever cross you. You would not know your own wife if she came and kissed you and besought you with tears and embraces. Judge if I could fear you under such circumstances. I should send you under Elan's charge to some spot far away from Kirston Wold and England. I should never hear from either of you again unless I chose, and yet, at any time it became necessary to bring you forward to prevent your wife marrying some one else, it would be in my power to do so."

Maurice Champion had not lowered his looks. He might shudder at these cold-blooded and awful threats which his enemy uttered, but his lofty spirit never quailed even then. He came of a man who could and had died fighting. They never gave up. They never turned back upon a foe, or asked quarter with the sword point pricking their very throats. He was not one to be cowed by even so horrible a peril as this which Sir Robert pretended to be able to evoke for him.

"I don't believe you," he said, presently; "you are only trying to make me yield to your wishes. But I never will. I never would, even if what you threaten me with could be possible."

"It is possible. Would I dare trust it if it were not? I meant to give you no alternative, Maurice Champion, when I brought you here. It is only a momentary softness of heart, which surprises myself, that has made me offer you this chance of living unharmed and bound to do my wishes by your own sworn promise. I was foolish to hesitate at so easy a means of ridding myself for ever of you and all danger. If I still hesitate it is because the dead once done can never be recalled—because even I could but pity even one who had deliberately incurred my worst hatred to be subjected to the doom you deserve and affect to disbelieve."

Maurice Champion, watching his enemy narrowly, was impressed in spite of himself with the conviction that Sir Robert himself believed in this horrible and mysterious potion of his atavary race.

Sir Robert was growing impatient.

It was getting on into the night, or rather towards morning. Three o'clock had come, and it would take him a good three-quarters of an hour to row to Calthorpe Court.

To be seen might ruin all. Once the loving, keen eyes of Lady Isabel were really on his track he might as well give up the game. Such a woman as she he well knew was harder to baffles than a West India bloodhound.

"Have you chosen?" he demanded once more of Maurice—"the oath or the alternative?"

"I will have neither. I defy you," responded the young man, passionately.

Sir Robert shut his teeth hard, glanced at his watch, thought a moment, then, muttering angrily, left him.

In the passage beyond Maurice heard him speak to Elan, heard the tone, but could not distinguish the words.

He knew what charge had been given though when the next day came and went, and that night, and the next day and night, and no one came near him, save Elan once to renew his light.

He had his watch still, or he might not have known day from night.

He grew very faint and ill by the end of the second day, but he was strong and young, and had no thought of yielding.

The third day he did not try to lift his head, but lay so still that Elan stealing to look at him from behind the darkening curtain, feared he might be dead, and, creeping softly in, put a crust of bread inside the cold, clammy fingers.

Maurice waited till he had gone again, and de-

voured it eagerly, never thinking in his mad hunger of his arch enemy's threat till it was all gone. Had he eaten destruction? It was sweet at any rate, sweeter than honey in the comb, and he fell asleep to dream once more of his lost Isabel, who at that very moment was wearying heaven and earth, so that speak, to find him.

He slept and felt in his dreams the warm, white arms of his wife clasp his neck once more. He slept, and Isabel's head was on his bosom.

She lifted her red lips to meet his, she whispered in his ear, divinely:

"Love me as I love you, my own, and we will defy time and space, and even Sir Robert."

He waked to cold and damp and hunger. He wondered if he was dying. He was mad with thirst, and there at his side was drink.

He seized it with both hands, and then, with a shuddering spasm of recollection, hurled the cup from him beyond his reach.

Its contents were spilled.

Elan came after awhile and brought him enough bread to keep in the breath of life, and showing him water drank first himself to measure him, and then gave it in his shaking hands. How divinely sweet that water was! It was not water, but nectar, that nectar distilled by the gods on Mount Olympus, and Elan was Jupiter's cup-bearer.

But the humble and was not yet.

#### CHAPTER VI.

Beautiful tyrant! Fiend angelical!  
Down-dropt from heaven's vaults—measuring lamb!  
Dropt from heaven's vaults—measuring lamb!  
Down-dropt from heaven's vaults—measuring lamb!

Shakespeare.

THE return to Lady Isabel, the true nature of whose peril the reader may now fully understand. Sir Robert Calthorpe, with his precious protégé—false Maurice—and my lady's mysterious housekeeper had scarcely quitted her apartment when Lady Isabel fell on her knees in a wild frenzy of agony and agitation. The magnitude and daring of the attempt made upon her, the boldness and wickedness of the plot, thrilled even her dauntless spirit with fear.

She had not guessed half what this matchless pair of villains were conspiring against her. She rose to her feet after that nearly incoherent prayer. She rose stronger than when she knelt, yet white still with woe and presentiments of evil. She glanced about her as if she feared to see that handsome, evil face of false Maurice rise from any corner. She glided to the tall carved door and turned the key in the silver moulding with nerveless fingers. Then with another shivering glance about her she hurried across the wide, stately room to where a door was hidden in the wall behind a velvet curtain of crimson richness. Lifting the costly drapery, she stole through, noiseless and swift.

She was in the sleeping chamber of Champion's heir. She stood beside the couch of that son whom her lost, loved Maurice had never seen. As she looked upon the tender, rosy little face, bright and spirited even in slumber, as she remembered the laughing light of those innocent eyes now closed in such peace, Lady Isabel sighed heavily, and tears stole down her snowy cheeks. She knelt beside his bed.

"It is you, my sweet, my sweet!" she murmured, wildly—"it is you those robbers would defraud—it is you they would destroy through me. Heaven grant me wit and strength to baffles them! Ah, me! ah, me!"

The child stirred uneasily in his slumber. He seemed to feel his mother's struggling spirit.

"Mamma," he murmured, "I am a Champion, am I not? and we Champions never yield."

It was but a repetition of some spirited words Isabel had said to him the day before, but they made her heart leap now and all her courage and indignation kindle within her. She kissed the child's sleeping face as he lay. She rose smiling, though her face was still white.

"I too am a Champion, my own," she said, with dauntless lips, "and you say true. We Champions never yield. I must back to my chamber, and study how to baffles these—your enemies and mine."

She bent in her stately, sweet grace, and kissed the young child's shining face again and again. Then softly gliding through the open door, she closed it with jealous care, and dropped the velvet curtain to its place.

"Tis not the dove whose mate you have taken, Robert Calthorpe," she murmured, as she paced the room now; "tis the lioness whose young you would destroy. Beware, my bold uncle, or in the struggle that is to come she may rend you."

Some one knocked presently at her door. Without an instant's hesitation my lady turned the key, and let him in who stood there.

It was Mr. Jacob Forryl, the red-faced, ponderous butler. My lady looked surprised at sight of him.

"I did not send for you, Mr. Forryl," she said, haughtily.



It had been in her father's will that this man should remain in charge at Kirston Wold, but my lady instinctively disliked him, notwithstanding his value as a servant.

Mr. Formyl puffed and swallowed with importance as he stood there.

"I come from my master, my lady," he said. "I have just left him. Thank Heaven that he lives and has come back to his own!"

My lady started and frowned till her slender black brows met.

"Already?" she said, and looked at her pompous man till he whitened under her glance without knowing why. "Are you in league with my uncle and that dastard?" she demanded, in reproachful passion.

The old man shrank. "My lady, I am in league with no dastard. 'Tis your husband of whom I speak."

Lady Isabel smiled in scorn. "My husband!" repeated she, "he my husband?"

Never did his false face impose upon you; my good Formyl! Did you, who should know a Champion from a knave and coward, take this man to be your master? Pie, Jacob, be upon your eyes, which age must begin to dim, upon your brain, which must be growing enfeebled."

The conceited old man drew back a step, angry at the slur upon his faculties, but without forgetting the profound respect due to his mistress.

"My lady," he said, bowing as low that it seemed almost mockery, "if ever I saw my master in the flesh this is he, Mr. Champion. I knew him the moment I set my eyes on his handsome face—handsomer than ever too, and sweeter spoken, and he was kind enough to say that he knew I was at Kirston yet by the look of everything."

My lady frowned again. "Go," she commanded; "you are either a knave or a fool, it matters not which. Send Mrs. Craven here to me, if she has not yet retired."

The butler departed angry, and muttering to himself:

"I much fear my master was right. Her mind is touched. To say nothing of her not knowing him, her wanting that white-headed Craven instead of me is proof positive. Of course Craven has retired. There's no use inquiring."

He sought his own quarters without farther ado, and was soon snoring to the fullest extent of his ponderous capacity.

It was the morning after the events just narrated.

Sir Robert and his villainous protégé were just out of that funeral-looking couch in which they had passed the night.

Crawley stood half dressed upon the black marble hearth, his elbow on the mantelpiece, his brooding eyes surveying the dismal room with a sullen, half-frenzied gleam in their dark-blue depths.

"What is there about the room?" he demanded; "you look like a ghost, and I feel like one." He shuddered slightly. "You said last night you would as lief sleep in a graveyard. I feel as if I had slept in one. Ugh!"

And he shuddered again, watching Sir Robert gloomily.

"We won't sleep here, again," answered Sir Robert, avoiding the other's look. "We wouldn't have done so last night, only I know your temper too well to object seriously. You are very dogged when you choose, and I know no mere superstition would drive you out of the room once you had set yourself to stay. Besides, I was curious to see if you would dream anything. Did you?"

Crawley darted a savage glance at him:

"None of your business," he growled, darkly.

Sir Robert smiled grimly.

"Perhaps you'd like to sleep here again to-night?"

"I may," snapped the other; "if only to find what fiendish spell is on the room. When I am master here the door shall be walled up!"

Sir Robert looked round from where he stood with his back to his wicked confederate. His face shone a sickly, greenish white, his pale eyes looked quite faded out, dull and leaden as those of a weak corpse. The ghost of a sneer curved his thin, blue lips.

"You know there is not brick and mortar enough in all England to seal up this wall now you have once been in it. Try it and see."

Crawley met those pale eyes one flinching, quailing moment.

"Talk of something else," he said. "I mean to breakfast with my wife this morning. How's that, my pale Sir Robert?"

"It is something you will not accomplish," retorted the impatient baronet. "Lady Isabel Champion is no Mrs. Craven."

"Shan't I? You wait and see."

He took up his watch from the mantelpiece, and glanced at it as he thrust it in its place about his person.

"My lady wife breakfasts at nine precisely," he

resumed, with his evil smile. "It is half-past eight now, time my toilet was made."

Without looking toward the baronet again he completed dressing with swift but careful hands.

Sir Robert was ready first, and stood watching his wicked ally with thoughtful and uneasy eyes.

It was a daring game, upon which they had ventured. That handsome demon was venturesome enough and skilful too to win it.

There were all the chances, or nearly so, in his favour.

He was so fearfully like that knightly soul he was so basely counterfeiting. There were only in reality my lady and his own horrible tamper in his way.

None knew better than Sir Robert how rash false Maurice was when he was angry.

"He lost his head entirely," as the Irish say. When the temper was in the wit was out, to testify another old saying.

Sir Robert watched him as he stood arranging his abundant locks, and retouching with a pencil that black, silky arch of eyebrow which had been so marked a feature in the beautiful face of Lady Isabel's unhappy husband.

The true Maurice had a perfect taste in all matters of dress, his counterfeit had a hankering for jewellery and ostentatious attire. He tried and put down again a necktie which he fancied, vastly becoming to him; but which the cautious baronet had interdicted as too bright.

He substituted a plainer one reluctantly. Then he took out from some concealment another treasure, a ruby and diamond pin, which glittered wonderfully, as he stole a furtive look at the baronet—once glanced at that contemptuous face, and biting his lip he quickly thrust the pin back to its former obscurity till a more favourable opportunity.

"It is nine o'clock, Mr. Champion," remarked the baronet, drily.

Crawley made a grimace which altered the beauty of his face for the moment to something hideous and repulsive.

But he left the mirror at which he was standing with a last affectionate glance, and, linking his arm in the other's, they quitted the room.

(To be continued.)

**DUELING.**—A duel is said to have been fought at Okeais. The combatants were both English, and both came from Yorkshire—one a young man about twenty-two, the other about eighteen. The duel was the result of the former saying something insulting about a young lady. It took place in a wood about two miles from Calais, with no spectators but two seconds and a French doctor. The weapons were six-chambered revolvers, and the combatants were to be placed back to back at a distance of seventeen yards, and when the signal was given were to fire as they liked. Before the signal was given it was evident that Mr. B. was extremely nervous, whereas Mr. A. was smiling and perfectly unconcerned (or, at all events, seemed so). When the signal was given they both wheeled round instantly and fired, and Mr. A. immediately (seeing his shot had not taken effect) fired again just as Mr. B. was taking aim. Mr. B. dropped his pistol and fell on his face. The ball had hit him full on the left shoulder and broken it. He fainted. The seconds then declared that they would not allow the fight to proceed any farther, and Mr. A. said he was satisfied. It was found out that the two first shots had been very nearly fatal to both. Mr. A.'s had grazed Mr. B.'s head, taking some of the hair and skin away, and Mr. B. had sent his bullet through his opponent's coat and shirt, and grazing the skin on the left side exactly on a level with the heart. Mr. B. is still in France, and is recovering fast.

**THE OBJECTS OF THE PALESTINE EXPLORATION FUND.**—An account of the work done by Lieutenant Conder, R.E., and his party, who are engaged in carrying out the objects of the Palestine Exploration Fund, has been published. They have not, it says, been "digging up Moabite stones or other sensational objects," but have done some good solid work. Of the 6,600 square miles to be surveyed, 1,800 are now completed, or 3-11ths of the whole area. The following are a few of their most recent discoveries:—1. Site of an unknown Jewish town. 2. Identification (probable) of Bebatana. 3. Three groups of finely finished tombs, superior to the tombs of the kings at Jerusalem; one of them has a kind of enamel and fresco inside. 4. Five fourth-century convents hitherto unknown, with walls still standing. 5. Four other convents in a less perfect state of preservation. The following places have also been recently visited and surveyed:—Athlith has been carefully surveyed and drawings made of its buildings for the first time. Caesarea has been carefully explored, plans made of all its buildings, and its aqueduct traced and examined for six miles. The temple has also been identified. Jimmath-Serah, the birthplace of Joshua, has been identified as Tibney. Plans have been made of Joshua's

tomb, which was shown in the days of Jerome. Modin has been mapped and sketched, and plans made of the tombs of the Maccabees. Full details of all ruins are noted on the spot, such as the size of stones, character of mortar, and the architecture receives special attention, careful measurement being always made. Drawings are always made of the capitals and cornices. In this exhaustive manner every ruin in the country is treated, and already over 500 towns have been so noted.

## EDITH LYLE'S SECRET.

By the Author of "Daisy Thornton," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

"What is the matter, Edith? Are you not happy?" Mr. Schuyler had asked, and she had answered:

"Yes, Howard, very happy; only I was thinking—that is all."

She was happy. She had seen everything in London which was worth seeing at that season of the year—had driven with her husband and with Godfrey in the Park, and had been pointed out as the handsomest woman there; and when at last she started for her country home she was, as she had said, happy, even though there was underlying her happiness a feeling of unrest, a feverish desire to see the cottage once more and the grave on the hill, where the evergreens were growing.

How different was this arrival at Schuyler Hill from what the first had been. Then Abelard had stood upon the platform in his working dress, for he had not had time to change it, and with her mother she had walked up the long hill and round through the avenue to the cottage which was to be their home. Now, in place of Abelard, a liveried footman stood waiting for her, while another servant in livery handed her to the carriage, and both bowed respectfully when their master said:

"The air is so pure and the day so fine I think we will take the longest way home and drive through the avenue."

That was the road which led straight by the cottage door, and Edith's heart had beaten more and more rapidly as they drew near the turn in the street which would bring the cottage in view, and when at last she saw it the blood surged wildly through her heart, and her hands were clasped tightly together as she looked eagerly at what had once been her home. It was not greatly changed except that it had recently been repainted, while the creepers, which when she lived there had just commenced fastening its little fibrous fingers to the lattice-work, now covered two sides of the house, and made its present name, Vine Cottage, very appropriate.

There was her old room from which she had waved her last adieu to Abelard and seen him carried through the gate. The window was open just as it used to be, and the honeysuckle was framed around it, and an open book was lying in it, together with a child's work-box.

It had an occupant then, and who, she asked herself, forgetting all about Mary Rogers until her eye caught sight of the eager, glowing, beautiful face of Gertrude Westbrooke, whose bouquet of daisies and forget-me-nots fell directly in her lap and seemed a welcome to her. Then she remembered having heard from Godfrey that Mrs. Rogers was to be his tenant, and she knew this child with the bright flowing hair and eager face must be the same whose bouquet had been given her at her bridal.

"It is very strange," she thought, "that this little unknown child should always cross my path with flowers and blessings and welcome," and she turned her head to look again at the two figures in the street gazing also after her.

If a thought that the elder of the two, the dark, plain-faced woman, might be Elsie Armstrong crossed her mind I cannot tell. Probably not, as she was thinking of the cottage and the child and the bouquet, which she guarded carefully and put in water as soon as the formidable meeting with her husband's family was over and she was alone with Norah in her room. They were there now, and as she turned from the window and saw them she unlocked a square ebony box, which her maid in unpacking had taken from her trunk.

Inside this was another box, a little old-fashioned thing of painted wood, with Chinese figures on it, Abelard had bought it for her, and her marriage certificate had been hidden there until that unfortunate day when she accidentally burned it. Since then she had made it a receptacle for her first wedding-ring and a lock of Abelard's hair and the blood-stained rose which had been found next his heart and brought her by Phoebe Young. There, too, as a safe repository, she had put Gertrude's first bouquet, and there she now put the second one, her welcome to Schuyler Hill.

Why she put these flowers there with the

sacred mementoes of Abelard she did not know, nor did she question her motive, she only said to herself, "I must make that little girl's acquaintance," and then, donning her white dressing-gown, she went to the window, from which a view of the cottage could be had, with the moonlight falling on it, just as it used to fall years ago when she was there, a poor, obscure girl, with no thought that she should one day stand as she was standing now, the mistress of Schuyler Hill, with wealth and every possible luxury at her command.

And there, too, in her old room was the glimmer of a lamp, and a little figure moved occasionally before the open window, Gertrude most probably, Gertrude preparing for bed, for after a little the light disappeared, and Edith found herself wondering if the child was kneeling by her bedside and saying her prayers.

"Yes, I am sure she is praying," she thought, "and perhaps she prays for me. I wish she would, for unless she does there is no one to pray for me now in all the wide, wide world."

Oh! how unspeakably terrible was that thought: "Nobody to pray for me in all the wide, wide world."

"Yes, there is mother," she said; but somehow she recoiled with a shudder from her mother's prayers.

She had no confidence in them now. She had lost faith in her mother since knowing how she had been deceived, and, as a consequence, her own heart and feelings had insensibly grown harder with the loss. But they were softening now, and, as she stood looking into the moonlight, with Gertrude Westbrook at her right and Abelard's grave at her left, she clasped her hands involuntarily and whispered to herself:

"Oh, Father in Heaven, help me from this hour to be a better woman than ever I've been before."

There was a step behind her, and in a moment her husband's arm stole round her waist, and her husband's voice said, as playfully as Mr. Schuyler could say:

"Ah! Edith, my darling, moon-gazing, are you? What do you think of the view, and your new home, and can you be happy in it with me?"

Mr. Schuyler's love and admiration for his wife had been steadily increasing ever since the morning when he started on his first journey with her, and saw that to her brilliant beauty and accomplishments she added the rare gift of making the best of everything, and seeming to be satisfied whether she were or not. Emily had not been the most agreeable companion *du voyage*. In fact, he had sometimes thought her the most disagreeable. The weather was always too hot or too cold, the fare execrable, the hotel odious, the room too large or too small, and the servants intolerable, so that he usually returned from a trip with her worn out rather than refreshed, and heartily glad to be home once more and freed from these petty complaints.

With Edith, however, it was different. Everything was right and just as she would have it, and, though she enjoyed porcelain bowls, and silver faucets, and perfumed baths, and soft beds, she could, if necessary, sleep upon a husk mattress, and wash in a tin basin, and laugh merrily over it.

On shipboard Emily had been terrible, while Edith was only ill a little while, and the rest of the time had sat on deck, and enjoyed with hearty zest the good things prepared in so great abundance for those who could eat them. In London she had been a little quiet and sober, it is true, but had seemed pleased with everything, and been greatly admired by the few friends who were in town, and to whom he had introduced her, while her reception at Schuyler Hill was in most points all he could desire, and far better than he had feared.

"Yes, I have done a wise thing," he said to himself more than once since his arrival; and, if there had been in his mind a lingering doubt as to his wisdom, it would have been dispelled by the sight of his bride in her evening dress, sitting at his table in her rightful place, and performing her duties so gracefully and in a quiet, matter-of-course way, as if she had sat there all her life, with that array of silver, and cut glass, and flowers before her.

How fair, and self-possessed, and ladylike she was, and how the pink coral and the soft lace trimmings of her gray dress became her, and how proud he was of her, as he watched her in the drawing-room, talking to his daughters and Miss Creighton, who, compared with her, lost fearfully in the balance of beauty, and grace, and culture.

Usually in the olden days, when Emily trailed her silken robes over the costly carpets, or reclined in her easy-chair, or reposed upon the couch, he had found the atmosphere of the parlours a little tiresome, and had seized the earliest opportunity of stealing away to his private room. But now it was different, and only the knowing that all the letters must be read had availed to take him from Edith's

side; and even while he sat reading them his thoughts were with her continually, and hurrying through his business he went to join her as we have seen.

Pausing a moment at the door, he looked admiringly at her as she stood in the deep window with her white dressing-gown falling in graceful folds or curves around her, and her brown hair rippling over her shoulders. She was beautiful, and she was his, and he loved her, and fain would know if she was happy there in the home he had given her, so he asked her the question we have quoted:

"What do you think of your new home, and can you be happy in it with me?"

"Yes, Howard, very happy," and Edith's hand stole into his, and her fair head drooped upon his shoulder as she continued: "It is a beautiful place, and I am glad you brought me to it, so glad that when you came in just now and surprised me as you did I was thanking Heaven for it. Howard, do you ever pray?"

It was a singular question, but it sent the hot blood quickly to Mr. Schuyler's face, while a feeling of shame and remorse took possession of him. Years ago he had with other young men of his age been confirmed as a matter of course, and because it was the right thing to do, but he had never reaped any benefits from the confirmation, or given heed to that without which the laying on of hands is of no avail. Wholly honourable and upright in his dealings with his fellow men, and always regular in his attendance at church in the morning, he seemed only to lack the one thing needful, and that he did lack. When Emily died, and he saw what religion could do for her, there came a change, and he set about trying to work out his salvation himself and by acts alone. Every feast and fast day was for a time observed, while he gave largely to the church and to the poor, and insisted that his daughters should be confirmed, and expressed a wish that Godfrey should be too. But Godfrey answered decidedly "No." So Godfrey was given up, but Mr. Schuyler saw his daughters confirmed, and encouraged them in their Sunday-school teaching, and never allowed them to read light literature on Sunday if he knew it. He asked a blessing at the table, the shortest he could find; kept the Sabbath day strictly so far as dinners, and drives, and company were concerned; but there was nothing real about it, and when Edith startled him with the question, "Do you ever pray?" he answered her truthfully, "Not often, no."

"Then let us begin now," and Edith held out his hand in both hers. "I've never prayed either as I ought, but I've been thinking about it, and I've so much to be thankful for, and need help so much to make me what I should be. Let us begin together to-night now."

He could not resist her, and there in the moonlight, with their faces toward Emily's grave and Abelard's, they knelt down side by side; and though the Lord's Prayer was all they said it was praying just the same, and the prayer was heard and blessed for the wish there was in their hearts, and Edith received the peace she so desired. And then, with a great happiness and feeling of rest and quiet in her heart, she laid her head upon her pillow, and sleep fell softly upon her in her new home at Schuyler Hill.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

EDITH was very sweet and beautiful in her white cambric dress when she descended to the breakfast-room next morning and took her seat at the table. Miss Rosseter was not present. She had not slept at all for thinking of poor Emily, she said, and was suffering from the combined effects of brandy and morphine and headache, and had her coffee in her room, and felt as if she was resenting something, she hardly knew what, and that if ever there was a martyr she was one now.

The young ladies, however, were all present, and looking very bright and cheerful as they bade Edith good morning. Alice's hair had gone down a storey or two and was arranged as nearly as possible like Mrs. Schuyler's. Indeed, Miss Alice had risen a full hour earlier than her usual custom in order to try her talent in hair-dressing, and had succeeded so well that Godfrey, for whom the sacrifice was made, called her a nice little puss after all, and tolerably good-looking too. And Alice felt complimented and thought Godfrey very handsome, and buttered his toast for him and seemed altogether like a woman of twenty-five who has been engaged for years.

"Well, girls, what are you going to do to pass the time between this and dinner?" Godfrey asked, as he rose from the table.

"I must go and see about the sewing I gave to Rogers, and you can go too and see your beauty if you like," Alice said.

And with a comical look Godfrey repeated:

"Rogers—Rogers? Who is he?"

"Why, your tenant, the woman who lives in your

cottage. She is doing some work for me," Alice replied.

And Godfrey rejoined:

"Oh, oui, certainement, je vous comprends. It's the height of good breeding to call your inferiors by their last names; so then, Creighton, let's go and see Rogers!"

And Godfrey took his hat and came from the hall rack and started with Alice for the cottage.

It was Saturday, and as there was no school Gertrude was working in the garden with a big sun-hat tied under her chin, her bright hair falling down her back, her cheeks very red and her hands very much soiled with dirt. It was a bother to wear gloves, she thought, and she was tugging away at a tuft of pinks when she heard the gate, and looking up saw Alice and Godfrey coming up the walk. Quickly dropping her pinks she went forward to meet them, her eyes shining like stars as she nodded to Alice, and said to Godfrey:

"Oh, Mr. Godfrey, I am so glad to see you. I did not know you had come. Excuse me from shaking hands. I can't, you see."

And she held up her little soiled hands, which looked white and pretty and shapely even with the dirt upon them.

"Upon my word, I never saw such assurance. Why, she acts as if she was fully his equal," Alice thought, as with great dignity she asked: "Is your mother in? I came to see her about the work I sent her last night."

Mrs. Rogers was in, and while Miss Creighton gave her minute directions as to the precise number and size of the tucks and ruffles and puffs Gertrude entertained Godfrey outside by telling him all about herself since coming to Schuyler. She was going to school to Miss Armstrong, whom she liked so much, and she was studying French, and had caught up with the class already, and Miss Armstrong said her accent was very pure.

"You see I took lessons six months in London of a native, and that makes a difference," she said; "and, oh, Mr. Godfrey, do you know where we can hire a piano? I want one so much so as to commence my music. You know I am to be a teacher like Miss Armstrong and take care of auntie when she is old."

Godfrey promised to make inquiries for a piano, and then, suddenly recollecting himself, exclaimed:

"Why, there is that old one of mother's at home, a rattle-trap of a thing, which all the Rossetters must have thrummed since the Flood. You could have that if it will answer."

Gertrude did not think it would. She had no fancy for a "rattle-trap" which all the dead Rossetters had thrummed; she preferred an instrument which sounded decently, and she said so, and added:

"But we've nowhere to put one yet. Oh, Mr. Godfrey, whatever made anybody send that tall bedstead and bureau down here, where they won't stand up in any of our sleeping-rooms? We had to put the bureau in the parlour and the bedstead is still in the woodshed. I wish somebody would take it away. I think it is awful, so clumsy, and I fell over it this morning and hurt my foot."

Godfrey laughed aloud, not at Gertrude, but at what Miss Rosseter would say could she hear this little plebeian denounce that bedstead as awful and clumsy and wish it away even from the woodshed! Miss Rosseter had been greatly wounded on account of that bedstead; Miss Rosseter had cried because it was sent to the cottage; she had expressed a wish to have it for her own, and her wish should be gratified.

"It was absurd to send that tall furniture to these low rooms," Godfrey said, "and I'll see that it is taken away—to-day perhaps. Did it hurt your foot very much?"

"Oh, no, not much; it was this one," and Gertrude stuck up her little foot, which even in the half-worn boot looked so small and pretty that Godfrey felt a desire to squeeze it in his hand.

But Miss Creighton was coming out, and so he straightened himself up and nibbled quite unconcernedly at the end of his cane, while Alice gave a few last directions with regard to her plain sewing.

"Three puffs, with clusters of seven tucks between, on one, and the other with five narrow ruffles and the ruffles edged with lace," Godfrey heard her say, and then without a look at Gertrude she signified her readiness to go.

"Good-bye, Gertrude," Godfrey said. "I'll send for the bedstead and inquire about the piano, and I have not used a single slang word this morning, have I? I shall be a perfect gentleman very soon, and then—"

He kissed his hand to her, and looking back Alice saw a hot flush on the face of the child, who knew as well as Godfrey to what he alluded.

"What do you mean by being so familiar with such people?" Alice asked. "It cannot do them



any good. On the contrary, it is a positive harm. Why, Rogers is so airy now I can hardly talk with her."

"Allie, if you want me to like you don't be so foolish," Godfrey said, sharply. "I don't wonder if the woman was what you call airy, which means that she stood for her rights. I heard you call her 'Rogers' to her face. If this woman has a handle to her name give it to her, and not call her 'Rogers'. It is low and not a bit ladylike, and you, as Alice Creighton, can certainly afford to be a lady without taking the trouble to impress others with your rank."

Godfrey was very much in earnest, and Alice was crying, and so the walk home was a most uncomfortable one, until they reached the entrance to the grounds, where Godfrey stopped, and, putting his hand playfully on his companion's shoulder, said:

"Come, Allie, don't let's quarrel. You are a nice little thing and I like you first-rate, and want you to be a lady everywhere, and have a kind, courteous word for everybody; Mrs. Schuyler has, and she —"

"Mrs. Schuyler indeed! As if I am to take her for a pattern, and she a governess!" Alice said, hotly, as she walked rapidly on toward the house.

"Whe-w!" Godfrey whistled after her as he followed leisurely, half wishing he had held his tongue and not tried to lecture Alice.

As he drew near the house he saw John, the coachman, bringing up the pony phaeton, and asked who was going out.

"Miss Rossiter is going up to the Ridge House after lunch, and wants to drive herself," said John, and Godfrey thought within himself:

"That's just the thing, and gives me a chance to surprise her. Won't it be a capital joke?"

Entering the house, he went in quest of his aunt, who was dressed and feeling much better.

"Mrs. Barton has asked me to come over there some day, and I believe I'll go this afternoon. Home does not seem like home now," she said, with a long sigh, which Godfrey knew had reference to the graceful figure walking on the terrace in front of the window, and so did not respond at once.

When he did speak he said:

"By the way, auntie, you are really in earnest about that bedstead?"

"What bedstead?" Miss Rossiter asked, quickly, and then, recollecting herself, she added: "Certainly I was. It hurt me cruelly to see it leave the house when Emily thought so much of it. But then I must get accustomed to things of that kind, I suppose. New lords, new laws, and new things."

Her manner was the manner of one who has been wounded and thwarted at every point, and Godfrey was strengthened in his resolve, and within half an hour after she had driven away in her pony phaeton he had interviewed both Mrs. Tiffe and Perry, and was riding with John in the wagon down the road toward the cottage. Mrs. Rogers and Gerlie were both in the garden this time, and when Godfrey explained his errand the former, who was glad to be rid of the cumbersome and to her useless piece of furniture, went in with John to assist in moving, while Godfrey remained outside with Gerlie.

"You must be very fond of gardening," he said, and Gerlie replied:

"Yes, I am, I like it ever so much. Have you seen the grave since you came home?"

"Grave! Whose grave?" Godfrey asked, and she replied:

"Mr. Lyle, the man who saved your life. Miss Armstrong told me all about it, and I felt so glad you were not killed, and so sorry for him and the young girl who liked him. She used to live here in this very house, and Miss Armstrong promised her, when she went away, to keep the grave up nice till she came back, and for a while she did; but the girl didn't come, and Miss Armstrong got to forgetting it you know, and when she told me about it, why, it was just awful with weeds and tangled grass. But it looks like a flower bed now. I thought maybe you would be glad."

Her bright, eager eyes were fixed upon him for his approval, which he gave unqualifiedly.

He was glad, and she was a good little girl to care for the grave, and to-morrow, after dinner, he would go down and see it," he said; and then as his services were needed for the heavy bureau he lifted his hat to Gerlie with as much deference as if she had been a princess instead of a little unknown girl working in the dirt, and walked away.

"For pity's sake, what are you doing?" Julia asked of Godfrey, when, after her nap and toilet, she came from her room and found the rear of the hall blockaded with furniture, and mattress, and bed-clothes, and Godfrey, looking very red in the face, as he assisted Mrs. Tiffe, who was also anxious and excited.

He explained that as Aunt Christine was so grieved

about the things sent to the cottage, and expressed herself as so desirous to have them back, especially the bedstead, he had decided to give her a pleasant surprise on her return that night from the Ridge. "Won't she be delighted though!" And Godfrey's face was very expressive as he tugged away at the heavy furniture. "There, she is sure to like that," he said, when at last his work was finished, and the old-fashioned, massive bedstead of rosewood stood in the place the lighter one of oak had occupied, while the bureau was pushed into a corner as the only available spot.

"I am glad you are so well satisfied," Julia said, "but I doubt if you get any thanks for your trouble. Auntie will never sleep a night on that bedstead; she is the biggest coward in the world."

"Then I'll take it down Monday. Anyhow, she cannot say I haven't tried to please her," was Godfrey's reply as he walked away, whistling cheerily and wondering why women were so queer and always blamed a fellow when he was doing his best.

Meantime Alice had had her pet out in a good cry, which did not add at all to the beauty of her face when she came down to dinner, gracious and smiling, and ready to forgive Godfrey, if he wished to be forgiven, which he didn't, or at least he gave no sign if he did, though he was very polite to the little lady, and peeled her orange for her and gave her his bunch of Malaga grapes, because he knew she had a weakness for them.

"I mean to show him that I am improving in what he calls snobbishness," she thought, and after dinner was over she said to him, in her mellowest, most insinuating voice:

"Godfrey, I want to see Mrs. Rogers again. I've changed my mind about the tucks. I heard you say you were going to the village, and would you mind walking round that way for me when you come home?"

"Certainly not. I am pleased to go to Mrs. Rogers's at any time," he answered, with an emphasis on the Mrs. which showed that he had taken note of the change.

"Pleased to go there at any time! I do believe it, and I wonder why he is so much interested in that child," Alice thought as she walked slowly toward the cottage.

(To be continued.)

LATE returns show that Ireland has fewer horses by 9,200, more cattle by 92,000, and more sheep by 120,000 this year than last. The value of all Irish stock is now 27 millions.

PERAMBULATORS.—M. Latour calls attention to the mischief which may arise from the now almost universal employment of perambulators for the transport of children. He chiefly dwells upon what happens to young infants, who, in place of resting on the nurse's arm and gradually bringing the muscular system which supports the trunk erect into use by exercise, and accustoming their senses to the perception of surrounding objects, now lie recumbent and somnolent in a state of dangerous quiescence. Woman, he believes, is thus abdication yet another of her functions, which, in all eyes but her own, render her attractive; and although she may relieve herself of some fatigue it is at the risk of the welfare of her child. "Certain I am that an enfant à équipage is a retarded infant; it will walk later, talk later, and smile later."

JOHN STUART MILL'S LEGACIES.—The late Mr. John Stuart Mill has bequeathed to members of his wife's family and his own legacies to the amount of 9,000*l.*; to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 500*l.*; to the Land Tenure Reform Association 500*l.*; to any one University in Great Britain or Ireland that shall be the first to open its degrees to women 3,000*l.*; and to the same University a further sum of 3,000*l.* to endow scholarships for female students exclusively. His copyrights he bequeaths in trust to Mr. John Morley, to be applied in aid of some periodical publication which shall be open to the expression of all opinions, and which shall have all its articles signed with the names of the writers. The property left by Mr. Mill is sworn under 14,000*l.*

WILL OF THE LATE LORD WOLVERTON.—The will, with three codicils, of Lord Wolverton (formerly George Carr Glyn, of Lombard Street), has been proved. The personality is sworn under one million. He gives to his widow 4,000*l.* a year for life, including her settlement, an immediate legacy of 1,000*l.* with the furniture, plate, and personal effects at Stanmore Park, and the use of Stanmore Park for life. To his younger children, eight in number (including a deceased son) he leaves legacies (including what they take under settlement) amounting to 267,000*l.*; a legacy of 500*l.* to his nephew, General Sir Edward Greathed, and an annuity of 100*l.* to his housekeeper. The whole residue of the

personalty (which includes the deceased's share in the banking-house) and the realty go to the eldest son, George Grenfell Glyn, now Lord Wolverton. The executors are three of his sons, Lord Wolverton and the Hon. Henry Carr Glyn and Pascoe Charles Glyn.

ANTIQUITY OF THE PURSE.—The curious objects displayed in the International Exhibition have suggested various researches into their history, and one of the most interesting is the history of that common article of every-day use, the purse. It is of great antiquity. Purses appear on Etruscan tombs, they were in use amongst the people of ancient Egypt, they are referred to in the New Testament, the Celts and Anglo-Saxons possessed them, and it was under the Normans that they became important articles of dress. Then they hung from the girdle. The exhibition of Decorative Art Needlework contained a specimen of the sixteenth century purse, described as the "alms or money bag of the Queen of Francis I., worked in silver and dark-blue velvet." There is also an alms-bag of Anne of Austria in blue velvet, embroidered in gold and silver, with the arms of France and Navarre. We have read how, in the time of Edward III., the introduction of pocket-holes enabled the ladies to pocket their purses, and how they became conspicuous in the dress of the gentlemen as pouches worn at the side. In the reign of Henry VIII. ladies wore the purse suspended by long cords, and this continued until the time of James I. From the fact that expert thieves found no difficulty in cutting the cords, and thus obtaining the purse, the old appellation of "cut-purse" was coined.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—The second volume of the "Catalogue of Satirical Prints and Drawings in the British Museum," prepared in the Print-room, is nearly ready for publication, and will, with the sanction of the trustees, be issued shortly. It comprehends a peculiarly interesting collection of satires on political and personal subjects, from the coronation of William and Mary to the end of the year 1738. The latter date is remarkable in the history of satire from the flood of designs on the failure of Sir R. Walpole's famous Excise Scheme and because it indicates a turning-point in the practice of Hogarth, the greatest of English satirical artists, for immediately after that period "A Harlot's Progress" and its cognate series made their appearance. The second volume includes a very rich and numerous collection of Dutch and French satires on William III. and his Ministers and the English parallel works; also the illustrations of Swift's "A Tale of a Tub," the works of "Tom Brown," satires on Louis XIV. and his successor, the War of the Spanish Succession, the French so-called scheme for "Universal Monarchy," satires by Roymyn de Hooghe, with Dutch texts, all of which are given in English abstracts; on Dr. Sacheverell, De Foo, Bentley, Dr. Wagstaffe, Lord Bolingbroke; a great proportion of works on the South Sea and Mississippi Schemes, in Dutch, French, and English, dealing with Law of Lauriston and his plans. The early works of Hogarth are amply illustrated, likewise the satires on the Italian opera, "The Beggar's Opera," "The Dunciad," and its parallels and antagonists, the "Rabbit Woman of Godalming," the politics of Walpole and his enemies before the rejection of the Excise Scheme, which was the earliest check to the authority of that potent Minister. Colonel Chartres, Pulteney, Lord Hervey, George II., Rich, the theatrical manager and actor, Orator Henley, and their contemporaries, are prominent in the latter parts of the volume, which is larger and much richer in matter than its forerunner, the first volume.

## THE HEIRESS OF CLANRONALD.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

DAISY bounds to Iohabod's side, all the rich colour dashed out of her young cheeks, seizing the hand that holds the threatening weapon in her strong, firm grasp, and the earl, thoroughly frightened, beats a hasty retreat to the door, half falling over Doctor Wurt, who stands on the threshold.

"Why, my good people," cries the old physician, "in the name of wonder what are you all up to? Has Iohabod lost his mind, or are you playing at scenes?"

"He wants to murder me," hisses the earl between his shut teeth; "he wants to murder me, the club-footed hind."

The doctor glances sharply at Iohabod from beneath his jutting brows, then, advancing to his side, he grasps him firmly by the arm.

"Come with me," he says, quietly, leading the way to the little back bedroom, "you are killing yourself, boy."

And Iohabod follows him as a wild beast follows its keeper, with an humble submissiveness that is painful to see.

"I've got him to bed," says the doctor, coming out five minutes after, "and you'd better keep him there," addressing Daisy, "and give him this mixture every hour, if you don't want to be rid of him—he's half insane now."

Daisy receives the mixture and hurries into the bedroom with a pale, startled face.

"He'll be quite insane," speaks up the earl, in a hoarse voice, "by the time I'm done with him. I'll make him smart for this morning's work."

"Pshaw!" ejaculates the doctor, contemptuously, "the boy's just out of a brain fever; his mind's not right—he shouldn't have been excited."

The earl deigns no reply, but the gleam in his dull eyes and the smile on his compressed lips are fearfully ominous. But he turns to May in a moment with a bland face.

"I am at your service," he says, courteously; "shall we drive now?"

"I'm not going to drive," replies May, pettishly. "You can go back to the Manor, Lord Shaftonbury, I am going with Eustace."

The earl bows profoundly and leaves the cottage. "The hateful old thing!" May breaks out the moment he is gone, running into the room where Daisy sits, "to spoil all our Christmas pleasure so. I wish I never may see him again."

She sits down with Daisy beside the little couch upon which Iohabod lies, still panting laboriously, a vivid red on his thin cheeks and a glassy brightness in his eyes.

"He's an insulting old idiot," says Sir Eustace, entering the apartment also, his gray eyes growing greenish in their expression of intense hate; "he's always getting up some disagreeable row or other, and meddling in other people's matters. I'm really glad you knocked him down, Iohabod; 'twill take some of the conceit out of him."

Iohabod makes no answer, but his wistful eyes turn towards May, as if seeking justification for the act which his own judgment condemns as being harsh and unfeeling for.

She reads the wistful glance, and, smiling at him from where she sits, leaves off caressing the kitten that has climbed to her lap, and, putting out her slender, jewelled hand, smooths back the damp, brown locks from his forehead with a kind and sisterly touch.

But it thrills every fibre in the poor boy's body, and sends the blood spinning through his veins at lava heat.

Poor Iohabod, small and misshapen, and boyish as he is, he is a thorough man at heart.

"He's always tormenting May," Sir Eustace goes on, sitting down in close proximity to Daisy; "and the next time he attempts it I'll let the old scoundrel feel my cane. I owe him a grudge, and I'll wipe it out yet. Mamma, and that old peacock of a duchess, his sister, make such a fool of him that he thinks he's master, not only of them, but the Manor, and all the rest of us. But I'll teach him better; I'll let him know—"

"Oh, Eustace, for pity's sake," May interposes, "do drop such an uninteresting subject, and speak of something more pleasant."

"You are quite right, May, I will—we won't let the old coxcomb spoil our Christmas. I came down with pleasant news to tell—at least," with an admiring glance at Daisy, "I hope it will be pleasant to Daisy and Iohabod."

"Please tell what it is," cries May.

"Well," begins the young baronet, moving his chair a little closer to Daisy's side, as if he wished to impress her with the importance of what he is about to say, "I've seen for a long while that this life was killing Iohabod; he wasn't born to be a shoemaker; a man can't live cramped and imprisoned as he always has been. The fact is, Iohabod," he continues, turning towards the bedside, "I believe it keeps you ill, living in this poor cottage; a man like you, endowed with genius that will bring you fame and fortune, spending your days over a cobbler's bench—is ridiculous."

Iohabod starts to a sitting posture, his eyes glowing, his narrow chest heaving with excitement.

"And here's your sister," Sir Eustace goes on, fancying that he is doing a very generous and unselfish thing. If any one had suggested to the young peer that his secret motive in contriving some plan to separate these two innocent, unfledged creatures, and send them out of the safe little home nest into the untried world, was purely selfish, he would have been wrathfully indignant, for Sir Eustace persuaded himself that he was generously working for their good.

"And here's your sister," he went on, indicating Daisy with a passionate glance, "gifted with grace and beauty that would win her a place in the best society, wearing out the bloom and prime of her life in abject drudgery. 'Tis an absolute shame, and I've made it my business to better matters. I was in London last week, and a friend of mine, who keeps an extensive music shop, chanced to be in need of an assistant. I thought of Iohabod in a moment, and spoke of him—of his genius and so on,

and I showed my friend that little ballad you wrote for May, and he consented to take you solely on my recommendation. The salary isn't very large, of course, but you would have every advantage to pursue your chosen art, and I thought, on the whole, it would suit you better than cobbling. What do you say?"

Iohabod struggled to speak, but his voice failed him.

He could only put out one slender, fever-parched hand, but with such happy, shining eyes that Sir Eustace experienced for the moment a throb of genuine disinterested satisfaction.

"Oh, Eustace!" cries May, catching at his hand, "I did not think you were so good. I'll never send you or call you cross again."

But he does not heed her. He is bending over to catch a glimpse of Daisy's face, and when he does he sees it bathed in tears.

"And what do you say to my plans, Daisy?" he asks.

"I think they are splendid," she falters, "and I am so grateful—no one else has ever done so much for Iohabod."

"Haven't they?" continues Sir Eustace, well pleased; "but," he adds, with a sparkling glance, "what is to become of you in the meantime? You can't live here alone, if Iohabod accepts the place!"

"Oh, he'll have to go away," she cries, with a start, and a sharp pang of pain at the thought of leaving the old cottage, "away to London—I didn't think of that."

"Then you can accept mamma's offer, and come to the Manor," suggests May. "It will be a delightful arrangement, I think."

"Just the thing," adds Sir Eustace; "you must think over it. My friend will wait a few days for Iohabod till he gets quite strong. I think the arrangement will suit all round, and you will find it pleasant at the Manor, Daisy. Iohabod can run down to see you, and my mother and May will go to London at the opening of the season, which would be just in your hands. Don't you see? I shall not be at home a great deal," he continues, with subtle cunning.

"I expect to go abroad soon, but I really hope you'll make up your minds to consent—I'm convinced you'll find it to your advantage. But we must not tarry to discuss the matter now. Come, May, 'tis quite time we were getting back to the Manor."

Daisy and Iohabod both follow him with grateful eyes as he turns toward the door, too much bewildered by his sudden proposition to come to any definite decision, or even to thank him.

At the door he looks back, drawing a roll from the pocket of his overcoat.

"I had forgotten," he says, "some music for Iohabod," tossing it on the bed, "and a Christmas gift for you," dropping a small package into Daisy's hand.

Iohabod unrolls his music, and begins to scan the crowded staves with happy eyes, before the roll of the baronet's carriage wheels has tied away.

But Daisy crept away to herself before she opened her package.

It contained a pair of exquisite pearl ear-drops and a plain gold ring, and on a slip of paper was written:

"Dearest, wear these for my sake."

Sitting over the waning embers that Christmas night, Daisy put all her treasures together—the ruby necklace, the pearl drops, and the gold ring. She had not kept her resolution to return the necklace to Sir Eustace.

Quite a glittering array they made, and Daisy was fond of beautiful things. She could not refuse to keep them now that Sir Eustace was doing so much for Iohabod.

Her cheeks glowed, and her heart beat fast. She glanced across at the little oval mirror, in which her young face was reflected.

It was a pretty face, with its rich colours and jetty braids and lustrous eyes—a bewitching, tempting face.

Women not half so fair as she was had been raised to wealth and nobility—why should not she accept the good fortune within her reach?

Yet, when she had put by her jewels and lay on her pillow, listening to the clanking branches of the old maple, a sharp pang pierced her heart like a knife.

Poor Jack! Where was he?

His brave, kindly face was the last vision that floated before her closing eyes; and in her dreams she saw the "Albatross" like a great bird, with outspread wings, stranded amid leagues of cruel ice, while Jack's face seemed to look up from awful depths below full of tender reproach.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

It was early in March, a raw, blustering day, with fitful gleams of yellow spring sunshine.

The oaks in Ryhope Park were beginning to put

out-sprouting buds, and the circling Durham hills were crowned with mist-like green. On the garden borders the hyacinth roots were shooting up their tender, green blades, and the crocus buds were swelling ready to bloom.

Life and beauty and greenness surrounded the grand old home of the Ryhope barons; but down at the little reddish-brown cottage it was inexplicably desolate.

The cottage was closed, and had the look of a tomb.

The old maple tree loomed up gaunt and grim, without the faintest sign of foliage, clanking its giant limbs against the pale March sky. The little rear garden, once so luxuriant in tropical blooms, was despoiled and neglected.

Only one spot looked at all cheerful, and that spot was grandfather's old corner by the doorstep.

There a little bed of grass was growing greenly, and a few straggling dandelions were blooming.

Iohabod was off in London at the great music shop, and Daisy was at Ryhope Manor.

Lady Ryhope was making her arrangements for a speedy journey to London, to open her town house in St. James's Square, and enjoy the coming season.

Her visitors had all taken wing, and the house-keeper and maids were busy with the packing.

"My dear," said her ladyship, sweeping into the morning parlour, where Daisy was sitting, occupied with a bit of embroidery, "my dear, if you will have the goodness to come into the library we'll settle about those letters at once. I feel anxious to get them off my mind to-day."

Lady Ryhope was excessively kind and condescending in her treatment of Daisy.

She liked the graceful, quiet girl, with her brilliant, dusky face and high-bred manners. There was an inborn refinement about her that fascinated every one, and, in addition, she was as skilful and deft in matters of dress as any French modiste.

"The girl is invaluable in her services," concluded Lady Ryhope, at the end of Daisy's first week at the Manor, "and she is quite an appropriate person in a lady's establishment. I hope Eustace will not take a fancy to her, and spoil all. Men are so stupid in regard to pretty faces."

The old duchess, my lady's bosom friend, was the recipient of this confidence.

She shook her turbaned head dubiously.

"Ah!" she ejaculated, "'twill be a wonder to me if he doesn't—'tis a dangerous experiment to have the girl in your house."

"Better in my house and under my eye than otherwise, if Eustace has any fancy for her," replied Lady Ryhope. "At any rate I shall give her a trial. I feel pretty sure that Eustace is too well aware of the advantages of a marriage with Lady Mary Thorndike to commit any very grave indiscretions."

So it was decided that Daisy should remain with them, and go to the London mansion for the season.

May was unspeakably delighted with the arrangement, and so was Daisy, for it afforded her a chance of seeing Iohabod occasionally, and also of entering that great and glittering world of which she had such vivid imaginings.

She arose with alacrity at Lady Ryhope's request and put by the embroidery.

She was a tall and queenly young person, simply clad in plain black, but the narrow band of scarlet that bound her black braids and a knot of the same hue at her throat seemed to give her whole person a magic splendour.

Lady Ryhope looked at her with smiling admiration as they proceeded to the library. She felt no envy for her companion's dusky loveliness, for Lady Ryhope had a comfortable conviction that all real beauty must be cast in the same mould and coloured with the same pink and white and pale gold that distinguished her own well-preserved and comely person.

They entered the stately library, and Daisy took her seat before the elegant writing-table upon which her morning's work was piled: letters to answer, letters to read, letters with heavy seals and foreign post marks, letters in dainty, flower-scented envelopes.

Lady Ryhope tossed them over indifferently, taking up one and another in her white, jewelled fingers, but the letter for which she hoped and hungered, day after day, was not there.

This proud and high-born woman was as weak and foolish in her love as the simplest peasant girl.

The man she loved had deceived and deserted her, covered her proud head with shame. Yet she loved him still, and prayed, or hoped rather, for I am afraid Lady Ryhope could not pray, that some explanation would come, some excuse for his base conduct.

She could not give him up, she could not harden her heart against him, after all she had dared and done for his sake.



The morning mail had brought her nothing, at least not what she hoped for, and she was turning from the table with a suppressed sigh, and an aching pain at her heart, when a letter lying a little apart attracted her attention for the first time.

Daisy saw it also at the same moment, and, actuated by some inexplicable impulse, put out her hand and took it up.

To her unspeakable surprise she saw at a glance that it was directed to herself.

She held it for a moment, a strange feeling making her heart throb and flutter, and then, flushing and embarrassed, for her life she could not tell why, she slipped it into her pocket.

But Lady Ryhope's quick eyes had seen the superscription, the flowing, negligent writing, which she recognized on the instant.

She could have sworn, as she stood there, that the letter had been directed by the hand of Captain Auguste Lamonte.

Her blonde face slowly whitened to the hue of ashes, and her blue eyes settled to a dull, greenish stare.

What was Lord Raeburn writing to this girl for? Was it for her sake that he had broken faith with her?

The thought flashed through her brain like a blade of fire. But her silver voice was calm and unruffled when she spoke:

"Why don't you read your letter?" she asked, as she seated herself in a velvet cushion that stood opposite.

Daisy was still trembling from head to foot, and it cost her an effort to answer at all quietly. She wondered at herself in a kind of dream; her very voice sounded unnatural.

"I am in no hurry to read it," she said. "We will go on with your letters, if you please."

Lady Ryhope was watching her with a cunning, feline glance.

"My letters can wait," she replied, "read yours."

There was just the slightest suggestion of a command in the high-bred voice, but it was enough to bring the hot, indignant blood to Daisy's cheeks.

She was my lady's equal in her imperious temper, if nothing more.

"I do not choose to read it now," she said, coolly taking up her pen and smoothing out a sheet of paper before her. "Will your ladyship instruct me what to write?"

"Nothing at present. Let me see that letter."

Daisy flashed a blazing glance from her handsome eyes.

"Lady Ryhope, I beg your pardon, but why should my letters concern you?" she asked.

"That remains to be seen," responded her ladyship. "I ask you again, will you let me see that letter?"

"I shall not, Lady Ryhope."

The clear, young voice was daringly decisive. This handsome grand-daughter of Jacob Doon was as fearless as she was beautiful.

The baronet's wife arose, white to the lips with rage. Daisy arose also, and they stood face to face, both silent.

It was an awfully portentous moment, and there is no imagining what might have happened, for Lady Ryhope had a desperate demon in her heart.

But fate interposed.

An awful shriek, a cry that curled the blood in both their veins, rang painfully distinct upon the morning silence.

Daisy broke away and ran to the window, and Lady Ryhope rushed out into the hall and down the stairs.

The servants were crowding the halls below, with scared faces, and a couple of footmen were coming up from the garden, with Tulip between them.

Tulip was a staid, English lady's maid, who had been in the Ryhope service for a score of years—a middle-aged, sober-minded woman, whom Lady Ryhope trusted above all her servants.

She was deathly white, and still uttering short shrieks at intervals, as the footmen assisted her to the house. Her dreadful scream had called them down to the garden, and they found her huddled in a heap upon the grass, covering her eyes with her hands.

"Hush!" said one of them, giving her a little shake. "What's the matter? Your lady's my lady on the terrace."

Tulip looked up, and, seeing her mistress, she broke from the two men, and, running to the terrace, threw herself at her feet.

"Oh, my lady," she panted, "I ha' seen the awfulest sight as ever human eyes beheld—I ha' seen Sir Roger himself, just as plain as I see you this minute."

Lady Ryhope uttered a short, sharp cry, and pressed her hands against her heart. Her face was ghastly to look upon as the face of the dead.

An officious parlour-maid flew at Tulip.

"Go away," she cried, "an' be ashamed o' yer

self, a scarin' my lady out of her wits wi' yer silly stories—go away wi' ye."

"Let her alone," commanded Lady Ryhope, in a hoarse, strange voice. "Tulip, come here, and tell me what you saw."

Her ladyship passed from the terrace into the hall, and thence into the grand drawing-room, and Tulip followed her.

"Now," continued her mistress, dropping into a seat, as if from sheer exhaustion, "close the door, and tell me what frightened you so."

Tulip closed the door, and stood for a moment vainly striving to still her chattering teeth and trembling knees.

"Oh, my lady," she began, at last, "I never did have any sort of belief in ghosts in all my born days, but I've seen one this mornin', as sure as there is a Heaven above us."

"Go on," gasped Lady Ryhope, the ghastly pallor of her face increasing.

"I was cuttin' some green sprigs," continued the woman, "to put wi' the green-house flowers for Lady May's vase, she always likes grass and bits o' cedar wi' her flowers, Lady May does; so I runs down to cut some, which was in the bottom o' the garden, as the grass is comin' up green like under the privet hedge, and the sun a shinin' there in the mornin'—"

"Tulip," gasped Lady Ryhope, impatiently, "tell me what you saw."

"As I is a tellin' your ladyship, as fast as my tongue can wag. I never was o'er-glib o' the tongue, an' this fright have knocked the very breath out o' me. But I had cut my sprigs o' cedar, and was a gathering grasses, then long, wavin' blades under the hedge, and all at once somethin' made me look up, a kind o' festin' as somebody was near me, and, my lady, right under that big oak, on the edge o' the lawn, a leavin' agin the trunk, I sees Sir Roger, just as plain, my lady, as I sees you."

Lady Ryhope did not speak; her white, awed face, and staring eyes, gave one an idea that she was being turned to stone.

"I see him," Tulip went on, "in his suit o' gray like he used to wear, an' his pale, worried look, an' his long, light locks—oh, my dear lady, the look o' his face will go wi' me till my dying day, it will. I can see him now! Oh, it's awful, as I should see him as never harmed a hair o' his head, as his ghost should appear to me—I shall never sleep another quiet night while I live. What have brought him from under the marble in Ryhope Chapel, my lady, what have brought him back? I hearn say as murdered men would come an' haunt them as killed 'em, but Sir Roger died a natural death, and oughter rest in his grave."

"Hush," gasped her mistress, in a smothered whisper, "don't talk so."

She struggled to her feet, and threw out both hands to save herself from falling, but her knees tottered and gave way, and with an awful, gurgling cry she fell forward on her face, before Tulip could reach her, and lay like one struck dead.

In the meantime Daisy, having satisfied her curiosity in regard to Tulip's fright, hurried up to her own room and locked herself in to peruse her letter unmolested.

Her very finger-tips thrilled as she drew it from her pocket. Who could have written it? She turned it over and over, examining it in the most minute manner, and feeling an uncomfortable dread which was stronger than her curiosity. But at last a thought of Ishabod flashed through her mind.

This letter might contain some tidings of Ishabod! She tore it open in frantic haste.

The paper was cream-coloured, highly scented, and stamped with the crest of a noble house, and the letter was dated from Liverpool.

"MY DEAR MISS DOON,—Circumstances which I have no time at present to explain have made me acquainted with certain facts which will have an important influence on all your future life. You have been kept in shameful ignorance of the good fortune and the noble position that justly belong to you and your brother."

"I have not the honour of knowing you as a friend, but I am happy to inform you that it rests with me to lead you and your brother into the way of recovering your rightful heritage."

"I dare not be more explicit by letter; there is need of both caution and secrecy if we wish to insure success. But I must have an interview with you at the earliest moment possible, when everything shall be made plain."

"I shall be at Ryhope on the fifteenth day of March. There are circumstances which force me to make my visit to this place a secret. But, Miss Doon, I trust you will believe me when I say that I am your friend, and have your interest at heart."

"I think we had better keep the whole thing a dead secret for the time being, even from your brother. If you will meet me at the foot of the bridge, just below the Wear light-house, on the fifteenth day of March, at five o'clock in the afternoon, I will make everything clear to you, and make you under-

stand in what way I can serve you. I beg that you will not fail me, because I have your interest at heart. Your faithful friend and servant,

"AUGUSTE LAMONTE."

Daisy read this mysterious letter over and over again, her handsome eyes wide with amazement. What could Captain Lamonte, the man who had treated Lady Ryhope so shamefully, want with her? What facts could he possibly hold that would influence all her future?

She remembered his handsome face and negligent grace, but she always had a feeling of aversion toward him in spite of his fascinations; and the thought of his bold stare when she encountered him that afternoon as she was taking the flowers to Ryhope Manor filled her with shuddering disgust. She shrank from meeting or holding any intercourse with him.

A strong impulse to go at once to Lady Ryhope and put the letter in her hands and abide by her advice took possession of her.

She even arose with the letter in her hand, but she recalled her ladyship's imperious manner in regard to the letter, and sat down again. Moreover, Lady Ryhope was locked in her own apartments, and would suffer no one to enter but Tulip.

Ah, if Ishabod only were there! But he was off in busy London.

She might go to Sir Eustace—he perhaps would be able to advise her.

But, reflecting to the letter again, she saw Lord Raeburn's injunction to keep the matter a dead secret. He spoke of good fortune and noble position.

A delicious thrill shot through Daisy's heart. What if she and Ishabod should turn out to be noble and wealthy? May Ryhope always called her a princess in disguise. And a dim remembrance of an old story that grandfather used to tell filled her mind like a dream—a story of a far-back time, when one of his ancestors was a peer and owned an old Highland castle.

But the hard, tolling life in the little reddish-brown cottage had well nigh obliterated all these old-time memories. What if the old dream were coming true? Such things did happen now and then!

Daisy's breath came in short sobs, and her dusky cheeks glowed like fire.

She drew the quaint old chain, grandfather's chain, that she had worn ever since she was a child, from her bosom, and opened the little locket that was attached to it.

It contained the miniature of an old man's face, a grim face, half-concealed by a collar and flowing, powdered wig.

On the reverse side, carved in queer Old English, was the crest of some ancient house, and beneath it, "Doon, of Charnold Castle."

Daisy read the old inscription in a kind of breathless whisper.

Ah, Heaven, what if the old dream should prove a reality?

She crossed to the window, and looked across at the Potter's Field in which grandfather slept. She could see his grave, swelling up like a green billow in the yellow March sunshine.

She broke into a passion of hysterical tears, and between her sobs she moaned, incessantly:

"Oh, Jack, Jack, if you were only here!"

#### CHAPTER XX.

The journey to London had been postponed indefinitely, and Lady Ryhope remained in her own apartments, admitting no one but Tulip and her physician.

She was in a very bad condition, the doctor said; her system had received a terrible shock, and nothing would restore it but rest and quiet. A season in London was out of the question. She had had too much excitement and gaiety already. She needed change, but it must be in some rural country place, not busy, noisy London.

At the end of a week her ladyship summoned Daisy to her presence. The girl went with some little feeling of trepidation, for she had not seen Lady Ryhope since the moment when they were so opportunely parted by Tulip's awful cry, and Daisy dreaded to be questioned concerning the letter, and desired if possible to avoid an open rupture with her ladyship.

She found Lady Laura seated in her chair of state, wrapped in the most expensive of cashmere dressing-gowns. Her face was very pale, and her eyes were surrounded by blue circles. She was aged a dozen years since their last meeting.

Daisy advanced in doubt, but Lady Ryhope extended her hand with a reassuring smile.

"My dear," she said, kindly, "come, sit down, I have need of you this morning. But first of all I must beg your pardon. You remember, no doubt, my silly persistence in regard to your letter? I fancied that I recognized the writing. I know now that I was mistaken. My nerves are weak at best, and I beg your pardon, my child."

Daisy accepted her proffered hand, but the hot blood surged to her cheeks, and the words she strove



[SIR ROGER'S GHOST.]

to speak died on her lips. Lady Ryhope was watching her keenly from beneath her drooping lashes, but she continued, in a quiet voice:

"You see how ill I am. That silly story of Tulip's," glancing uneasily over her shoulder, and shivering like one in a chill, "has completely unnerved me. I know how foolish I am, but I can't help it."

"Why, Lady Ryhope," said Daisy, regaining her self-possession as soon as the subject of the letter was dropped, and speaking with her habitual candour and freedom, "you surely won't let a thing like that make you ill! You don't believe in ghosts, I know, and, even if you did, it seems to me it would be a kind of comfort to you if you could see Sir Roger again. I should feel that way, I know."

Lady Laura gave the girl one swift glance, and her white cheeks grew whiter. She struggled hard before she could command her voice.

"You may think so," she said; "but if you were in my place you would feel quite different. But we will drop the subject. Will you bathe my head a little? and then you may read to me if you please, while I try to rest."

Daisy brought forward the crystal cologne flask and bathed the head, with its curling blonde hair. The touch of her slender, dusky fingers was inexpressibly tender and soothing, and Lady Ryhope yielded to their magnetic influence in spite of the torturing emotions that raged within her.

Then she read from a new novel that lay at hand, and finished her rôle of duties by answering a couple of letters.

"And now," said Lady Laura, "I won't keep you longer; you can look after May a little and amuse yourself as you like till dinner. We dine at five to-day. I ordered dinner an hour earlier than usual, and if you will come and assist me I will try and go down. I am getting very weary of these rooms."

Daisy, who was turning to leave the apartment, stood still, flushing and hesitating.

It was the fifteenth day of March, and that afternoon at five o'clock she was to meet Lord Raeburn below the Wear Light-house. For days she had been tortured with impatience for the hour to come. Not for worlds would she have missed the appointment. She must know what this man had to reveal. She stood hesitating and embarrassed for the space of a minute, and again that old impulse struck her to make Lady Ryhope her confidant and show her the letter.

Such impulses are always the promptings of our good angels, but poor Daisy, like too many others, did not hearken to the suggestion. She shrank from speaking to Lady Ryhope of the man who was to

have been her husband, and then she remembered the injunction to keep the matter a dead secret.

"I cannot attend you at five o'clock," she said. "I am sorry, Lady Ryhope, but—but—I have an engagement for that hour."

Something in her hesitating manner of speaking arrested Lady Laura's attention, and she looked up alertly. Daisy's crimson cheeks and downcast eyes awakened a sudden suspicion in her mind—a suspicion that pierced her like a poisoned arrow.

"An engagement?" she said, indifferently. "Isn't it rather an odd hour?"

Daisy bridled her queenly head, and took refuge in her independence.

"I don't see why it should be, Lady Ryhope," she replied. "At any rate, I have an engagement for that hour, and it cannot be broken."

"Oh, very well," replied her ladyship, blandly; "it doesn't matter at all. Tulip can attend me, and you can slip in when you return, and read another chapter. I am growing interested in the story."

Daisy thanked her, and withdrew, with a feeling of infinite relief.

The moment the door had closed Lady Ryhope arose and began to walk the room with an excited step. Her eyes had a wide, hunted look.

"Oh, Heaven!" she moaned, grinding her white teeth, and clenching her jewelled hands, "to think what I have done for his sake, and he left me for her! Can she be going to meet him? I'll find out—I will if it cost me my life! It had better not be as I fear!—oh, it had better not be true!"

She paused in her rapid walk, and her eyes turned toward a table in one corner, and rested with a significant look on a slender Italian dagger that lay amid the costly ornaments. And Lady Ryhope had once been a moral, Christian woman! When the door of the soul is once unbarred crime enters at will.

After a moment she walked across to the window, panting with excitement. The extensive park lay beneath, flooded with yellow sunshine, and Sir Eustace was galloping up the drive on Tancred, his Arab steed: such a tall, handsome young baronet! His mother smiled with fond satisfaction as she watched him.

But presently her eyes wandered over the sunlit grounds and out toward the gleaming river. Under the hedge that skirted the lower lawn she saw a man sitting, and while she looked at him idly he arose and came out into the open field. He wore a long cloak and a black slouched hat that concealed his face.

But something about his graceful figure and step made Lady Ryhope's heart throb and flutter. She dropped on her knees, and, leaning against the win-

dow-sill, watched him in a kind of breathless fascination.

He crossed the lawn, glancing cautiously about him, and came round to the edge of the park. A little lad, the lodgekeeper's son, was playing near, and he made a sign to him.

The boy ran to him at once, and Lady Ryhope saw him take something from his pocket and put it in the child's hand, then he drew a note from his bosom and pointed toward the Manor.

The child took it and started off at a rapid pace, and the strange man made his way across the lawn and disappeared in the hedge.

Lady Ryhope sprang up, and darting to her bell-rope gave it a succession of violent jerks.

In less than a minute Tulip appeared in answer. Her mistress caught her arm with a fierce grasp, and drew her to the window.

"Do you see that boy?" she gasped, pointing to the child who was approaching the manor—"he has a note which I must have! Go down this instant, before any one else sees him, and get it. Do you understand?—you're to get it, no matter what he says, and you shall have a five-pound note for your trouble—a ten-pound note if you will be quick."

Tulip left the apartment without a word, and in less than five minutes she was back again, with a crumpled slip of paper in her fingers.

Lady Ryhope snatched it, and, smoothing it out, read:

"Do not fail me! At the foot of the bridge below the light-house, at five o'clock."

She could have sworn to the writing! A pang as sharp as death pierced her heart and took away her very life for a moment. But jealousy is stronger even than death. She rallied, and turned to her waiting-woman with that fearful, greenish stare in her eyes.

"Tulip," she said, drawing out her purse, "here's your ten-pound note. You've done me a good service. Do you want to be a rich woman, Tulip?" Tulip's light eyes glittered like a cat's in the dark. "If you do," continued her ladyship, "you have only to be silent and trusty. I need a friend, and I will pay you well."

"I'm willin' and ready to serve your ladyship, and that for no reward," replied Tulip, "an' I'm not the woman to go back on them as employs me, 'specially them I've served so long."

"Very well," said her mistress. "Come to me at half-past four—you may go now."

And Tulip obeyed, while her mistress flung herself face downward on her couch and sobbed like a little child.

(To be continued.)





[A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE.]

## SHIFTING SANDS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

*"Elvira; or, the Gipsy's Curse," "The Snapt Link," "The Lost Coronet," etc., etc.*

## CHAPTER XIV.

Danger, whose limbs of giant mould,  
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?  
Who stalks his round, a hideous form,  
Howling amidst the midnight storm,  
And with him thousand phantoms joined.

It was a study for an artist to watch that meeting of the two fair creatures so distinct in every trait except common beauty and common sorrow.

Lady Marian instinctively shrank back at the vision which made so thrillingly vivid all that she had feared and suffered.

Even the slight difference between that early bloom of child womanhood and her own more matured loveliness had a morbidly chilling influence at that moment of jealous depression.

There seemed a freshness in the piquant inexperience of the orphan that made her own more conventional style of person and manner appear uninteresting and commonplace to her fevered imagination.

And even her high rank and wealth and refined accomplishments seemed to be as valueless in comparison with that magic spell of fascination spread over the fugitive from the Manor House.

Cora was calm and dignified as despair alone can occasion at such a crisis.

Proudly and yet modestly she stood awaiting the permission to advance, which for the moment was not accorded, simply from the bewildered astonishment of the young hostess.

"Lady Marian, may I speak a few brief words with you?" said the sweet, clear voice, at last, and then the spell was broken, and the earl's daughter woke up from her stupor.

"Aston, leave us," she said, in a tone of command, that seemed natural to her, and the housekeeper reluctantly obeyed, though she cast an eye of suspicious distrust on the stranger which was all lost on the preoccupied girl.

When the door closed behind her there was still a pause, only broken by the mute sign made by Lady Marian for her guest to take a chair at some little distance from her own.

But Cora merely advanced nearer to her young hostess, and then preserved the same submissive but calm attitude as she stood before Marian's couch.

"Lady Marian, you bade me come to you in case of need," she said, simply. "I do not know how much

such promises may mean. It is for you to dismiss me at once if you had no more serious intention than a passing caprice to patronize an inferior. Only, please, spare me any more suspense."

The heiress was roused now by the proud words. "I never deceive," she said, calmly. "Only you took me somewhat by surprise, and I would like to know what is the cause of your flight from your home."

Cora made an impatient, half-scornful gesture. "You do not mean to deceive," she repeated, "yet you pretend not to know the cause of my coming here. Have you not heard that a fearful thing has happened—that Mr. Carew is ill, well nigh murdered?"

"Then why should that drive you away? Are you afraid of illness, even when it is that of your benefactor?" asked Lady Marian, scornfully.

Cora gave an impatient gesture. "If you merely wish to drag the truth from me," she said, "you had better tell me at once that you repent the offer you made, and let me depart in peace. I have nothing more to say—nothing, save that I cannot, I dare not stay at Carew Manor, and yet, Heaven knows, I have done nothing wrong, my conscience is clear as your own. That is all."

"Then you do not mean to confide in me, and yet you ask protection and shelter at my hands?" returned the earl's daughter, uneasily.

"Yes, I do," was the quiet reply. "I ask it, because you are a woman, like myself, young and liable to suffering—ay, and to suspicion also; because you offered aid and kindness. Why do you hesitate now?"

"Because I would have confidence in my turn," replied Lady Marian, coldly. "You ask all and give nothing. Is it that you have been the cause of Mr. Carew's perilous position and his opponent's remorse, unhappy girl?"

Cora's cheek crimsoned painfully.

"I see—I see it all," she returned, impatiently. "I am only the cause of sorrow and misery wherever I go. Be satisfied, Lady Marian; I have my answer, and I will not trouble you more."

She turned hastily away as she spoke and reached the door ere the earl's daughter was aware of her purpose.

Cora's hand was on the lock, another instant might have changed the whole current of more than one life, when Marian sprang, as if galvanized into life, to her side.

"Stop, stop, rash girl!" she said, with almost an air of command. "You shall not go. If only for his sake, whom you have brought into such fearful

peril, you are bound to remain. And, whether you are guilty or innocent, he shall not be sacrificed."

A scornful smile crossed the girl's fine lips.

"That is I am to be a prisoner," she said, proudly, "not a welcome guest. Well, I might have expected it. I might have judged of my own sex from the specimen I have had of their truth and goodness. Be it so, Lady Marian. I will stay till this peril is over, and under your surveillance. Am I to expect protection also in return?"

"From what?" asked Lady Marian, sharply. "From whom? Surely you are not implicated in this terrible tragedy—you are not liable to the penalties of justice as well as remorse?"

"As much one as the other," replied the girl, haughtily. "Lady Marian, there is some secret poison in your heart, or you would not be so cruel to a lonely exile. You said but now that Lord Belfort shall not be sacrificed for me whether I am guilty or innocent, and I tell you in return that I would willingly, gladly lay down my own life if I could save him and Mr. Carew from this peril. Yes, I would die to restore Sibbald Carew to health and his unhappy murderer to safety and innocence."

"How dare you use such a word in reference to Ernest Belfort?" cried Lady Marian. "He is no murderer, his life was equally risked, his fate might have been Mr. Carew's, and Mr. Carew's his, and both are equally responsible if there is any guilt in the vindication of honour and bravery. But I am talking of what you cannot understand," she went on, suddenly correcting herself with a scornful smile at her own folly in speaking of such things to an obscure foundling. "It is sufficient to warn you not to insult those whom you cannot possibly appreciate, or I shall at once withdraw my promise of shelter and aid."

Cora scarcely perhaps heeded the words, her head was slightly averted in the attitude of listening as a distant noise of rapid footsteps, firm and measured, seldom heard save from some trained official or drilled soldier, was gradually becoming more distinct as it approached the mansion.

"Hark!" she whispered, in tones that might have thrilled through an audience as a stage whisper, so low and yet so audible—"hark! what does it mean?"

Lady Marian had paled also as she too listened to the sounds that had been caught at once by the quick senses of the orphan.

And it came on, and on—with ominous and unwavering determination.

It was no friendly visit which the sharp, quick tread of the new comer betokened; and as Lady Marian remembered the previous charge she had under-

taken, the beloved inmate which that house contained, she forgot all but her agony and her helplessness; and the next moment her hand was in Cora's, and her eyes pleading silently for sympathy and forgiveness.

"Is it the officers of justice?" she whispered. "Oh, it is dreadful! Cora, I shall go mad if he be taken!"

"Hush!" said the girl, almost scornfully. "Hush! be calm. Is this your love—your courage, Lady Marian?"

The two young terror-stricken beings were standing thus, with hands clasped and lips parted, as if to drink in the slightest sound, when the door suddenly opened and Aston entered.

"Oh, my lady, my dear young lady—such horror!" came by slow, abrupt degrees from her trembling lips. "He is dead, and the officers are here for the poor young lord, who, they declare, has been traced here. Though, of course, it's all nonsense, since no one could help knowing it if he had come here; and I'm sure I hope he's far away by this time, that's what I hope."

Cora had felt the convulsive clasp of the fingers she held, and saw the look of terrified consciousness in the eyes that were still appealing to her stronger nature for help.

And in a moment she instinctively guessed the truth; and her plans were as rapidly formed.

"Lady Marian will faint if she have anything more to agitate her; it is too much for her," she said, with a strange assumption of dignity and command that even the prejudiced Mrs. Aston could not resist. "Surely there is no need to trouble her, is there, while she is in this state?"

"True, true; she has not got over the first shock yet, poor thing," said the motherly dame, anxiously gazing at her young mistress's colourless face. "But I'm afraid from what I heard that they will want to go over the house, for they declare the young lord was seen to come into the park; and it's surrounded—as one may say—at every gate, so I'm told."

"Surely Lord Marston can vouch for Lady Marian's room being safe, at any rate," returned Cora, calmly. "No one could be here without her having seen them; so, at least, one glance into the apartment should be enough to satisfy them. Am I not right, Lady Marian?"

She pressed Lady Marian's hand significantly as she spoke; and for the first time the earl's daughter appeared to recover self-possession enough to speak or give necessary directions in the house.

"Miss St. Croix is right, Aston," she said, trying to steady her voice, most hopelessly. "Go and tell my father, please, not to allow me to be disturbed if he can help it; say I am ill, and cannot bear any intrusion."

The housekeeper slowly departed on her errand, and the moment she had closed the door Cora loosed her hold of the trembling Marian, with a quick, half-sneaking gesture.

"There is not a moment to lose," she exclaimed. "Is he here? Have you hidden him, Lady Marian?"

"Yes, yes, alas, and in vain! He will be discovered; or, at the best, he cannot escape," she said, hopelessly, clamping her hands; "and he will be dragged hence before my very eyes. It will kill me, drive me mad! Oh, Cora, forgive me, for I am miserable, and I can trust no one else to help me."

"Lady Marian, do you love him, and yet you can fear and tremble when his life is in danger!" said Cora, reproachfully; "quick! moments are precious. Well, where is he? Can I find him, while you detain these men in your room by some device?"

Marian shook her head.

"No, no, it is impossible; you do not know the paths, it would only be certain death to him. Yet if you could find his retreat now you might warn him and tell him to retire into that large closet which opens out of the room where he is, and in which I have often amused myself by hiding, when a child. It has a sliding panel, that would hardly be suspected if not known; though you can find it by its being slightly darker than the rest. It is opposite the door," she added, rapidly. "Quick! why do you stay if you intend to save him?"

"Only that you have not told me where I'm to find him," answered the girl, calmly, for her self-possession seemed to strengthen with the emergency that destroyed her companion's.

Lady Marian gave her a few brief directions, to which Cora listened with silent eagerness, and then turned to depart.

"You will come back, quick, at once. I shall be in terror till you return," said Marian, hastily, as she closed the door.

Perhaps Cora did not hear, or did not heed the command.

A slight rather scornful smile on her lips, as she hastened along the corridor, rather betokened the latter cause for her non-reply to the behest. In any case she glided with wonderful accuracy through the indicated passages, till she reached the old wing

which communicated by a staircase with the rest of the mansion.

She flew rather than ran up the steps, and in a few more seconds stood before the oak-panelled door described by Marian.

A low quick gasping, rather to recover her breath than to conquer any shrinking from her task, and then she applied the key given her by Lady Marian and opened the door.

It was a strange feeling to meet one whose hand had been, as it were, recently stained with blood, and yet in whom she unconsciously felt an interest from the very danger of his position and the belief that he had risked at once life—and more than life—for her.

But the next moment she conquered the weakness and entered the apartment with a rapid step and firm, calm outward mien.

#### CHAPTER XV.

Upon his hand, she laid her own. Light was the touch but it thrilled to the bone, and shot a chilliness to his heart. Which freed him beyond the power to start. He could not loose him from its hold.

SIRALD CAREW's dwelling was indeed shrouded in gloom—sudden, deep, and awe striking—such as might well overwhelm stronger natures than Lady Emily or Netta could boast. A few brief days before and Carew Manor had been the scene of rejoicings and gay hopes. Now all was draped in sables.

The closed shutters, the hushed footsteps were oppressive to Netta's mind, even more terribly than her actual loss.

There was more terror than sorrow in her grief for a father she had never actually loved, save as a child would naturally regard a parent. He had ever stood up, as it appeared to her wilful mind, as the sole obstacle to the indulgence of her caprices and impetuous will, and the child of an unloved wife, perhaps had unconsciously inherited some of her mother's antipathy towards a man whose nature was at once superior and different to theirs.

"Aunt Emily, how long is this to last?" she exclaimed, on the third day after her father's death. "I really shall have a fever if I am to be shut up much longer in this dark room. I declare I will steal out into the grounds if only to realize that I am not actually in a vault myself."

"But, my dear Netta, it is impossible; only think how strange it would look," remonstrated the aunt. "It cannot be long now, you know, for the inquiry (you understand what I mean) into your poor father's death is being finished to-day and the funeral is fixed for the day after to-morrow; after that we had better go away till all this miserable business is forgotten. I declare it has completely shattered my nerves, and, besides, you see, my arrangements are now far more complicated than if my brother had died in any other way. It is quite out of the question for you to marry Lord Belfort now that he has been the cause of your father's death, though of course it might not be his fault; and he ran the same risk himself. However it is very provoking that your father did not live long enough to come to the title, for your fortune would have been increased. But that cannot be helped, and all that I can see left for us is to cultivate as far as possible the acquaintance of your uncle, Lord Treville. I was thinking we might go to Cannes for your health; he has lived there for the last five years you know; every minute we expected to hear of his death, and here is your poor father gone before him, and very much his own fault, I must say."

"Well, well, I don't dare, I'm sure, so long as I am in this gloomy mourning," returned Netta, impatiently. "And, I tell you, Aunt Emily, I will just go out for a few minutes in the grounds. I should like to know who would see me, and, besides, I am my own mistress, till I know who father has left to be in charge of me."

Lady Emily was so dumbfounded at her pupil's precocious assertion of rights and dignity that she could make no farther objection to her wilful fancy.

And the girl hastily enveloped herself in a large veil that lay on the sofa in the dressing-room, intended for a very different purpose, the coming funeral, but it happened to be the most available wrap within reach.

Very lovely she looked in her sable attire, her brilliant fairness contrasting with the blackness, and her golden hair glittering in the setting of the veil she threw over her head with careless grace.

"She had better be partially brought out while in mourning, it suits her so well," said Lady Emily as her rebellious niece sprang from the verandah on which the apartments opened. "And, though she is but fifteen, it can make very little difference. People marry so young now, and, besides, a few months' waiting for a beautiful heiress cannot be objected to by anybody."

And Lady Emily well nigh forgot all the melancholy surroundings in the anticipation of undisputed control over the debt of her lovely niece.

Poor Sibbald Carew, scarcely cold, when the grief for his loss was thus swallowed up in his nearest and dearest!

The sun was shining brightly as Netta sprang along the more secluded paths of her ancestral domains, but had she been either disengaged enough, or less eagerly delighted with the escape from those dismal, darkened rooms, she would have seen the rapid approach of black, lowering clouds, which threatened to break in a brief space on the heated air.

Visions of freedom, admiration, conquest, only to be succeeded by a career of brilliant gaiety and unrestrained luxury, flitted before the orphan's mind. She was perhaps not entirely without excuse, since the father she had lost had neither won her affection nor sought her confidence, and her aunt's teaching had rather aggravated her wayward impatience of this control.

Perhaps it was these delicious visions of future triumph that so utterly blinded Netta Carew to the sudden obscuring of the sunlight, and led her unconsciously to the very spot that had witnessed that memorable interview between her dead father and Cora St. Croix.

She was awakened however by a sudden and violent peal of thunder, and the downfall of such large drops as made it simply impossible to dream of a return to the home without being drenched to the very skin.

A wild scream escaped the terrified girl as another sharp flash of lightning opened the thick, black clouds, and she gazed wildly round for some shelter from the violence of the storm, while uttering uncontrollable cries for help, which were not likely to be heard amidst the noise of the elements at that distance from the house.

Bewildered and half blinded by the terror and the fast-succeeding flashes of lightning, Netta's courage and strength were fairly giving way when she heard a rapid, sudden step near her. Then a strong arm was cast round her, and she felt herself supported and impelled forward a few yards, till she was safely placed in the summer-house whose vicinity she had forgotten in her alarm.

"Do not fear, young lady," said a rich voice, with a singular foreign accent to a perfect English pronunciation that gave it a peculiar charm. "There is little or no danger now. The storm will soon pass over."

Netta had the leisure and the curiosity now to examine her companion and to rather enjoy the romance of her adventure.

He was young and decidedly handsome, with a face that like his voice seemed to partake of opposing elements.

The dark blue eyes, almost violet in hue, and the clustering chestnut hair with the straight features were decidedly English in type, but the dark, sun-burnt tint of the complexion, and the clothes and even bearing, had something foreign which rather captivated Netta's wayward fancy. Besides, the expression of countenance decidedly spoke a degree of admiring interest that in itself was a charm.

"I am a sad coward," she said, nearly losing her extreme terror in the new interest thus excited. "I really think I should have fainted if you had not come to me so opportunely. No one would have heard me from the house, I am certain."

"Then I am right, and you are Miss Carew," said the stranger, who may as well at once be introduced as Rupert Falconer.

His glance wandered for a moment over her figure as if speculating on the congruity of the black robe with her presence at that spot.

At least, she so construed the look, and a bright blush rushed into her cheeks.

"I was driven into the air for a few minutes," she said, apologetically. "I have had such a terrible shock, and I was really quite ill, and did not expect to meet any one in this part of the grounds."

Rupert flushed in his turn.

"I ought to apologize for my intrusion, Miss Carew," he said, gloomily, "but I was so terribly anxious to learn the truth of Mr. Carew's death, and if possible to see some one—"

Netta gave a quick, sharp glance.

"Whom are you visiting here then?" she asked. "Surely the dreadful news of my poor father's murder has been pretty well known in the neighbourhood. It is so terrible," she said. "I sometimes fancy it will kill me to think of it; and then Lord Belfort's share in it is such a double sorrow. Did you know my poor father?" she added, after a slight pause, that had been perhaps occupied in mutual survey of each other's features by the singular companions.

"No," he replied, at length. "That is, Mr. Carew



and I never actually met, though I have seen him more than once. I came over to England for the express purpose of obtaining an interview with him and Miss St. Croix."

Netta started painfully. "With Cora?" she asked, drawing back from the contact with the stranger, that had been preserved in half-involuntary seeking of his protection. "Are you a relation or friend of hers then? She has left us, I presume for ever."

Rupert looked half deprecatingly at the flushed face of the lovely girl.

"Miss St. Croix is not related to me; indeed, I suppose you know she has no actually recognized relatives," he replied. "And for friendship I scarcely know that she would wish me even to claim the title of friend."

"I am sure you need not think it any honour," said Netta, eagerly. "You cannot imagine what misery she brought with her. She drew my poor father's interest away from us so artfully; and I believe it was by some miserable quarrel about her that the lasting sorrow of his death and Lord Belfort's danger were caused."

The bright tears were standing in her eyes, while yet as it seemed dried up by the natural and burning resentment that flamed on her cheeks.

"You do not think me wicked and cruel to speak thus, do you?" she asked, noting her companion's silence. "I dare say I ought to be forgiving and patient, but it is very difficult, and she was so vain and artful that I could not love her as I wished."

Rupert's brow contracted gloomily as his eyes rested on the fair young face, with its flattering softness of expression, and the deep mourning dress that spoke so touchingly of the sorrow Cora's fatal charms had caused.

"I blame you, Miss Carew?" he said, fervently. "Heaven knows I have but too much cause to join in your feelings towards this unhappy girl, who seems born to bring sorrow and danger wherever she goes. Yet she was once most dear to me," he added, sadly, "and even now I would fain save her, if I could, from the fate she has brought on herself and restore her to the protection she deserved."

"Then you do know—that is, you are interested in her," said Netta, anxiously. "Please tell me, for she may perhaps not be so much to blame as I believe, for poor papa never would tell us the real truth about her; only he was terribly angry if we were not very kind to her and gave up everything to her as he wished."

"There is little to tell, Miss Carew," he replied. "Cora St. Croix is an orphan, as we believe, and a foundling; but I fear her affection is not to be won even by those who have done their utmost to supply the place of natural relations. She has well nigh broken my heart. Pity she did not spare the peace of one so young and lovely as yourself," he added, bitterly. "I could have forgiven her then."

Netta's eyes were downcast, but a sly glance beneath the lids of ineffable sadness spoke the gratitude she did not speak in words.

"Is it possible that your father," said Rupert, impulsively, as he saw the bewitching sadness of the feminine glance, "thought of any one but you, placed any one in rivalry to you?"

"Hush, hush! he is gone, poor papa. But you say yourself she is artful and designing," whispered Netta, sadly.

But ere he could reply there were voices calling anxiously the young heiress's name, and Netta sprang forward as if electrified.

"I must go," she exclaimed. "Do not let them find you here with me. My aunt would be angry. Yet I should like to see you again, and to hear more of her, poor, unhappy Cora."

"You are an angel," said Rupert, impulsively, "to think thus gently of her. Yes, I shall obey your command. I will remain here in hope of seeing you once again. At least, you are true and feeling and good; and I owe you reverence for your patient sweetness under such wrongs and sorrows."

He pressed her hand to his lips with a rapid, fervent eagerness that was more flattering than words.

She gave him one reproving and exquisitely coquettish glance as she flew from the spot, and he fancied that he caught the breathed whisper, "Here to-morrow at the same hour," as she vanished away.

And Netta encountered the anxious inquiries that awaited her with a careless plea of the violence of the storm driving her to seek shelter in the friendly summer-house.

But there was a new light in her languid features and a contented enstasy in her manner that might well have excited the suspicions of the chaperone (and had she been less occupied with more important matters).

Netta's thirst for admiration was insatiable enough to embrace all food that could minister to its vor-

acity. And Rupert Falconer was young and handsome, and an old lover of beautiful Cora St. Croix.

These were powerful charms in the eyes of the vain and mortified heiress of the unfortunate Sibbald Carew.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

Blest tears of soulfelt penitence,  
For whose benign, redeeming flow  
He felt the first, the only sense  
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

ERNEST, LORD BELFORT, was sitting in a corner of the apartment where Lady Marian had left him, his head bowed in his hands, his heart oppressed by a load of sadness and self-reproach, which crushed him to the very earth.

There was blood on his hands; yes, though at the moment he was not certain of the actual death of his opponent, he would entertain little hope of any more blessed result.

He had robbed Cora of a protector, he had made Netta an orphan, he had brought on his own head the curse of Cain.

In the agony of these miseries all was forgotten which could palliate the remorse and guilt.

He forgot that it was Sibbald who had given the provocation, that it was Sibbald's strange and unnatural jealousy which had stirred up the strife and induced the frantic injustice of the charges brought against him.

"They will hate me," he thought. "Yes, Cora will never hear my name nor think of my image without horror and execration. But Marian, poor, half-forgotten, unloved Marian, has come to my aid, and cast a veil of woman's charity over the sin and sympathized with the sinner. Ah, me! ah, me! if she, that strange, winning girl, had but shown such pity, such love, I might have borne this terrible grief better. Ah, there she is—sweet, noble Marian; with all her gifts of rank and wealth, she does not forget the unhappy, criminal playfellow of her girlish days!"

There was indeed a light footstep, and then a timid turning of the look as he listened.

His eyes were riveted on the door as it slowly and noiselessly opened.

It was a female figure that appeared in the opening thus made, slight and young and graceful.

But it was not Marian in her haughty beauty and half-imperious condescension who advanced into the apartment. The newcomer was younger, taller, and yet as high-bred-looking as the heiress of the Bidulphs.

At that moment there was perhaps an even greater air of command and determined energy about her than the earl's daughter could boast.

She was utterly self-forgetting, though there was a kind of feminine loftiness in her look and mien as she met his astonished gaze.

"Cora," he exclaimed, eagerly. "Can it be possible?"

"Yes," she replied, calmly, though her words were rapid and eager in their distinct utterance. "Lady Marian has sent me. There is not a moment to lose."

"Why," he returned, sadly, "what has happened, what new horror, Cora?"

Her face paled insensibly from its excited flush as she replied, evasively:

"Your safety is in danger, my lord. Please obey Lady Marian's wishes without question or delay."

"Not unless you tell me the truth," he said, "yet perhaps that will make life worthless when I hear it. Is Sibbald Carew dead?" he went on, in a thrilling, agonized whisper.

Cora could not speak, but she felt that delay was worse than useless, and she bowed her head in mute assent.

A shudder ran through his whole frame at the confirmation of his worst fears.

"Then it matters not. I will remain to bear the punishment of my guilt, to atone if I can for the crime," he said, vehemently.

"And bring on Lady Marian the agony of seeing you dragged before her eyes from her very house, and her name brought in question as having been the means of your shelter," he said, reproachfully.

"Then the crisis is at hand—would you imply that?" he returned, quickly, scanning her features as he spoke.

The reply was not so painful now.

Cora was of a nature that could sympathize with the nobler and loftier feelings of the heart.

Danger was not so dreadful as crime, the reality of Sibbald Carew's death was more crushing than the risk of its avenger's presence.

"Yes," she replied, firmly, "yes. There is need for haste—you must hide yourself at once in the place Lady Marian has described to me. There is not a moment to be lost; quick, or you will be too late!"

But still he lingered, his eyes fixed on her pleading face, his hand half extended as if to clasp hers.

"Cora, speak plainly, are they, the officers, in the house?"

"Yes, yes," she exclaimed, in an agony of impatience, "and you are trifling away precious minutes. I implore you, for Lady Marian's sake, do not be so rash, so wildly foolish as to linger thus."

He shook his head sadly.

"Cora, do you think life would be worth having at such a price as I must pay for it—my conscience burdened, my prospects blighted, my friends alienated from me for ever? No, no; let me die and be forgotten," he added, casting himself once more on the seat he had quitted at her approach.

"Yes, yes, go; you must, you shall," she exclaimed, fiercely. "Lord Belfort, this is but a selfish weakness. I adjure you by the name of all that is dear and right and true to obey Lady Marian's behest. She is ready to risk much for you. She has already perhaps tarnished her good name by the shelter she has afforded you. Will you for the fear of incurring pain or shame to yourself repay her thus? That would be a cowardly act."

He looked admiringly on her.

"You are a noble creature, Cora! There is but one word more that you can add to prevail with me, and that word would be all prevailing. Will you tell me you are concerned for my safety? Will you only say 'Go, for my sake, Ernest?'"

The colour rushed vividly up in her cheeks.

"It depends what those words would imply, my lord. I should be more than presumptuous were I to take on myself the right that I neither have nor wish to have. But if you mean do I from my very heart wish and pray for your safety and dread your being dragged to prison and death then I will say it from my heart—for my sake go."

A bright light swept over his features as she spoke, a light that she did not even then comprehend, though it faded away in the dark sadness ere she could well feel certain of the flash that had illumined the wan, haggard features.

"I am in your hands then, Cora," he said, "and if men call me a villain then I shall console myself by the thought that you bade me endure the reproach, and that shall be enough, were a world to sneer at and scorn me."

It was scarcely in woman to hear such words unmoved from one so nobly born and high spirited as Ernest Belfort, and Cora permitted him to take her hand in his and clasp it to his heart for a moment, while her quick eyes scanned the room to see any trace of the spot described by Lady Marian, which the dusty and faded walls made it a difficult task to descry. But at length her sharpened eyes fancied that they spied out a slight variation of colour in the time-worn panels.

"Here, my lord," she said, breathlessly, "Quick! you are stronger than I am. Try if this is not the sliding panel of which Lady Marian spoke."

The young man obeyed with a mechanical submission to a will which he would yet fain have resisted when it appeared to be a craven flight from retributive justice.

At first it resisted his own and Cora's strenuous attempts to stir it from its place, but the long-glazed board at length gave way and exposed a square, light closet, that would just hold a full-grown man like himself, but without space even to turn when once enclosed in the miniature prison.

Lord Belfort drew back hastily.

"It is impossible," he said, "I cannot die like a rat in a prison. Cora, let them come. I will not shrink."

"Will you forfeit your promise? Is this your idea of honour, my lord?" she said, reproachfully. "Then I will never believe in a pledged word again."

It was enough. Ernest gave one look of disgust as he passed within the narrow enclosure, and then stood prepared for Cora's final shutting up of his prison.

"Rely on your friends," she whispered, hastily.

"You shall be released as soon as it is possible, only you must not betray yourself by the very slightest movement or noise, whatever may befall."

And ere he had time to reply she had resolutely closed the panel, and he was alone and shut out from the outer world.

It was a terrible ordeal to be in so helpless a situation—so entirely at the mercy of others; but ere Lord Belfort had time to realize the misery of his position a sharp knock at the door called his attention to more present subjects of alarm.

Cora opened the door with perfect sang-froid in outward mien, though her poor heart was throbbing with painful violence.

There were two men, evidently officials by their important, somewhat overbearing demeanour, and behind them was Lord Marston's butler, apparently much disgusted with the office he was ordered to fulfil.

"We must disturb you, I am afraid, young lady," said the elder of the men, imperiously. "Our orders

are to search every room where there is any possibility of the young lord being concealed, and certainly this looks a good hiding-place for a runaway. And it's strange that you should be here in this queer, tumbledown part of the house, that's my opinion."

"Suppose I am a runaway also," said the girl, coolly; "what then?"

"Well, it's not often pretty young ladies like you go off alone," returned the man, sneeringly, "so perhaps that is the best proof we shall find somebody else near you."

"If you mean that I had any one to accompany me when I left Carew Manor and claimed the hospitality of Lady Marian Biddulph I can soon satisfy you," said the girl, haughtily. "Both Lady Marian and Mrs. Aston, the housekeeper, could prove my arrival here alone."

"Then you were at the Manor, and knew all about this terrible murder, and maybe helped Lord Belfort's escape?" said the man, suspiciously.

Cora did not reply, save by a look of indignation that perhaps was more convincing than words to the experienced official.

"Nay, you may as well answer, young lady; civil words cost nothing," said the other officer, angrily.

"I had no more idea of Lord Belfort's escape, nor when nor where he went, than Miss Carew herself," returned Cora. "And I am ready to prove it, in any manner you like, only be so good as to be quick in your search, for I am weary and came here for rest and quiet from this terrible business."

"Well, you do look wan and tired, I confess," said the first man, more compassionately, "and there's not much to examine here, I fancy. So we'll not detain you long, miss, and it won't be difficult to prove your words afterwards."

And, with a nod to his fellow official, he advanced father into the room, and they commenced their search, while Cora strove bravely to preserve a cool indifference to their proceedings.

(To be continued.)

**NEVER GIVE UP.**—Who are our rich men—our distinguished men—our most useful men? Those who have been cast down but not destroyed—who, when the breeze of adversity swept away their props, sought new standards, pushed on, looked up and became what you behold them now. A glorious sentence and worthy to be inspired—Never give up! Men are not made—they make themselves. A steady perseverance, a determination never to sink though millstones were hanged about thy neck is the true doctrine. It is this that has made the wilderness to blossom, that has given wings to the ocean, filled valleys, levelled mountains, and built up the great cities of the world. Who then is a coward and yields simpering before the blast? Who is a suckling and cowers before a cloud? Is it you, young man, stout, strong and healthy as you are? Shame—shame on you! You are big enough to possess an iron heart, and to break down mountains at a blow. Up and let this be a day of your redemption. Resolve to be a coward no longer, even if you are obliged to stand with a red-hot iron upon your brow. Never give up!

**FROM LONDON TO EDINBURGH BY FOOT.**—This has just been accomplished, as a way of spending summer holidays, by three gentlemen—Messrs. George Munro, John M. Cook, and George Cowan. Starting from the Bank of England, they left London by way of Bishopsgate Street and Shoreditch, and passing through Edmonton and Waltham, made Ware their first stage. Thence they deviated considerably from the direct course for the sake of visiting Cambridge, and after that their road lay by the way of Huntingdon, Stilton, Stamford, Grantham, Newark, Tuxford, Retford, Doncaster, Aberford, Boroughbridge, Northallerton, Croft, Darlington, Durham, Newcastle, Otterburn, Jedburgh, Melrose, Galashiels, Stow, Eskbank, and through Newington, down the Bridges to the General Post Office there. They covered the distance in sixteen walking days, which, considering the route taken, gives an average of about twenty-six miles a day. The weather experienced was, with few exceptions, dry, and though the heat was sometimes excessive, proved favourable for walking. Throughout their long journey the pedestrians enjoyed excellent health.

**WINDSOR CASTLE.**—During the residence of Her Majesty the Queen and Court in Scotland extensive alterations and repairs are being carried out at Windsor Castle. At the west or principal entrance of St. George's Chapel, that through which the Queen and bridal procession of Her Royal Highness Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne entered at the last royal wedding, a handsome pair of wrought-iron gates have been erected at the top of the flight of steps leading from the Horse Shoe Cloisters. As the ancient wooden doors are occasionally left open a great portion of the interior of the nave is visible from without. The fine library of the Dean and

Canons of Windsor, in the Horse Shoe Cloisters, recently erected by Messrs. Field, Poole, and Son, of Westminster, is being fitted with Spanish or wainscot oak furniture, of which material the bookshelves, panelling, and ornamental work is manufactured. The roof of the library is open, with handsomely carved oak tie beams. From the principal window there is a splendid view of the country round Windsor and Eton. The fireplace of the library, with its wrought-iron dog irons, brass rosettes, and mediæval tiles, is in accordance with the date of the original building. With the exception of the alterations which are being made in the residence of Sir J. G. Elvey, and the completion of the windows in the old castle wall between the Curfew Tower and the Guard-room, the scaffolding of which has just been erected by the Board of Works, the houses in the Horse Shoe Cloisters are finished. The face of the Queen's Library on the north terrace of the castle is under repair. In the Grand Quadrangle, where the Shah of Persia was photographed, sitting in one of the royal carriages with Prince Leopold, and where the Oriental monarch listened to the music of Dan Godfrey's band, the whole of the gravel of the roads is being removed, and the ground remade and relaid by a number of workmen.

## SCIENCE.

**ARTIFICIAL IVORY.**—Two pounds of pure india-rubber are dissolved in thirty-two pounds of chloroform and the solution saturated with purified ammoniacal gas. The chloroform is then evaporated or distilled off at a temperature of 185 deg. Fahr. The residue is mixed with pulverized phosphate of lime or carbonate of zinc, pressed into moulds and cooled. When the phosphate of lime is used the resulting compound partakes in a great degree of the nature and composition of genuine ivory, for we have the requisite proportion of the phosphate, and the india-rubber, which takes the place of the cartilage; and the other component parts of the genuine article are of little importance.

**THE NEW HERTZ-TORPEDO.**—The trials at Williamsbaven with the new Hertz-Torpedo, in presence of General von Stosch, the German Minister of Marine, have given most magnificent and surprising results, the torpedoes disposing of the objects attacked with the greatest punctuality, and in a strikingly summary manner. The construction, of course, remains a secret at present; but there is no doubt that the German navy is now in possession of a most powerful and destructive weapon, which will not only effectually protect the coasts of the Empire, but will also enable the Government to employ all its resources in building ships for aggressive purposes. The inventor of the new torpedo is said to be Dr. Albert Hertz, a native of Königsberg, who volunteered for the German navy at the outbreak of the French war, and now holds a commission therein.

**THE ECLIPSE OF THE ELLIPTICAL DYSPYPTICAL VIOLIN.**—A violin on a new model invented by Prince George Stourdas has been tried at Vienna with not altogether favourable results. Setting forth on the principle that the ellipse is the most favourable geometrical figure for acoustic effect, Prince Stourdas has made his fiddle of elliptical form. He has endeavoured thus to augment the volume of the sound, which would be a desirable attainment, and also to bring the tone as near as possible to the timbre of the human voice, which would be as certainly undesirable. Neither of these results did the inventor attain. Herren Helmesberger, father and son, Kral and Popper did their utmost with the instrument, but could not evoke the absent power, nor bring out aught but a nasal and troubled tone. This is the eclipse of the elliptical dyspyptical violin.

**A HUMAN TABLE.**—In the Italian section of the Vienna Exhibition Dr. Marini exhibits, among an assortment of human feet, hands, legs, arms, and busts of shrivelled proportions and deep brown colour, a large round plateau, evidently of hard and polished material, which has been likened to stale gelatine or potted boar's head. It is a conglomerate of specimens illustrative of an art invented by him—the petrification and mummification of human corpses. It was this very Dr. Marini who petrified Mazzini, and executed his work so well that the admirers of the arch-conspirator proposed to set up the corpse on the Capitol and save economical Italy the expense of a statue. The doctor's preparations are weatherproof, and will not only stand wear, but take on a high degree of polish. His mummified specimens, by a process known to him alone, can be restored to their original size and elasticity; while the petrified ones are as hard, and possibly as durable, as granite. The top slab of the table is composed of muscles, fat, sinews and glandular substance—all petrified together in a block, the surface of which has been planed and polished till its face resembles marble. Certificates from Nélaton and

other distinguished surgeons are attached to the specimen limbs, setting forth that the limbs in question had, for the satisfaction of the certifiers, been restored to their pristine softness and pliancy by Dr. Marini.

**DINING-TABLE OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.**—A gentleman travelling in Russia furnishes the following description of the novel dining-table of the Emperor, now in use in one of the Peterhoff palaces, near St. Petersburg. The table is circular and is placed on a weighted platform. At the touch of a signal like the rub of Aladdin's lamp, down goes the table through the floor, and a new table, loaded with fresh dishes and supplies, rises in its place. But this is not all; each plate stands on a weighed disc, the tablecloth being out with circular openings, one for each plate. If a guest desires a change of plate, he touches a signal at his side, when, presto! his plate disappears and another rises. These mechanical dining-tables render the presence of servants quite superfluous. In America, at the Oneida community, they employ dining-tables having the central part made to revolve. Here the goblets, spoons, tea, and coffee, castors, pitchers and other necessary articles of table furniture are placed; revolving the centre piece, the sinner brings before him whatever article may be desired without the intervention of a special waiter.

**VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY.**—Professor Joseph Bohm has communicated to the Academy of Sciences of Vienna some curious and interesting observations in vegetable physiology. He has found that young plants produced from seeds germinating in pure oxygen gas of ordinary density speedily die, although they continue to consume oxygen to as great an extent as when they are growing in atmospheric air. The young plants thrive, however, in pure oxygen when the density of the latter is reduced so as to represent only a pressure of about six inches of mercury, or when pure oxygen of ordinary density is mixed with four-fifths of its volume of hydrogen. Professor Bohm has also investigated the action of carbon upon the growth and greenness of plants, and found that an intermixture of only two per cent. of carbonic acid in the air in which plants are growing suffices to retard the formation of green colouring matter (chlorophyll), and that the process is almost or entirely suppressed in an atmosphere containing 20 per cent. of this gas. No germination of seeds took place in an atmosphere consisting of one-half carbonic acid. From his experiments the professor concludes that either the atmosphere of our planet was much richer in carbonic acid than at present in early geological periods, especially during the formation of coal deposits, or the plants of those periods, in their relation to carbonic acid, must have been very differently constituted from their existing descendants.

**A NEW BLUE.**—When phenol is treated with chlorine water no reaction is observed, and ammonia added to the mixture subsequently develops no colouration. It is known that aniline, on the contrary, suspended in water, with the addition of a solution of chlorine, takes a rose colour, which rapidly becomes purple, violet, and lastly brownish red, and that ammonia added at this last juncture increases the brownness. It is no longer the same when a mixture of a drop of phenol and a drop of aniline is submitted to the action of solution of chlorine. A permanent rose red is obtained, which may be turned to a blue either by ammonia or by the alkalies or alkaline carbonates. Acids restore the original redness. The author concludes that there exists a phenate of phenylamin; that the new body produced in the above reaction is a red acid, forming blue salts; the erythropenate of soda may be produced by causing hypochlorite of soda to act upon the mixture of phenol and aniline. The blue thus formed is remarkable for its purity and extraordinary tinctorial power. If two drops of the mixture of phenol and aniline be added to two litres of water, and then treated with hypochlorite, the blue in an hour or two becomes so intense that it could be recognized even in 4 litres of water. This reaction may be useful in toxicological researches either for aniline or phenol. The purity and permanence of the blue might render it fit for the uses of the dyer, but it will not bear steaming. The extreme facility with which it is reddened by the feeblest acids is likewise an objection. In this respect it far exceeds litmus.

## CAMPHOR.

**PERHAPS** the most common and popular medicinal agent for household use is camphor, a drug which has been regarded as a cure-all by mothers, grandmothers and great-great-grandmothers down through many generations. The "camphor bottle," holding a solution of the agent in rum or dilute alcohol, is found upon a shelf in many a dwelling; and if among the younger or the older members of the family an ankle is turned, or a limb bruised, or there is headache, or toothache, or earache, down comes the camphor.



bottle, and the suffering member is well dosed. Camphor is a powerful agent, and in moderate doses is capable of doing much mischief. It is a matter of wonder that so few instances of injury result, considering its wide-spread empirical employment.

The camphor of commerce comes from Formosa, Sumatra, Borneo, Japan, and China. It is obtained in crystalline masses already formed, and also in grains by distillation. The tree which produces the former kind grows on the Diri Mountains in Sumatra, and in Borneo. It towers upward more than a hundred feet, and has been known to attain a girth of fifty feet. The spirited perspiration of the axe draws from this forest monster the white treasures secreted in the longitudinal fissures in its heart wood, sometimes, though rarely, in a layer as large as a man's arm, but more frequently in small fragments to be carefully extracted by some sharp-pointed instrument. It is not an abundant bearer. Twenty pounds are a rare yield for a great tree; ten pounds are a good harvest from one of medium size, and many are felled and split that furnish no camphor. This, however, is not an entire waste, since the wood is easily worked and is never attacked by the voracious myriads of Eastern insects which destroy all other varieties except the teak and calambuco. House and ship timber are made from it, besides many articles of furniture. This kind of camphor seldom finds its way to Europe and America. The Chinese ascribe to it marvellous medicinal properties, and pay for it enormous sums, thereby securing the entire yield.

Common camphor is obtained by distillation from the root, stem, and leaves of certain species of Lauraceae, but more especially from the *Laurus camphora*. Of this also there are two varieties. The Chinese or Formosa camphor is carried in junks to Canton and there packed in square chests lined with lead, whence it is sent to the different Eastern ports, where we procure it. It is of a grayish colour with a grain like sugar, and usually unattractive in appearance. The Dutch or Japan camphor is prepared in Batavia, is packed in tubs securely matted, is pinkish in hue and coarser than the Chinese. Both kinds need purification before using.

Camphor is slightly soluble in water, but yields freely to alcohol, acetic acid, ether, and the essential oils. A pretty experiment may be tried with it which the young people will find amusing. Scatter a few pieces of clean camphor upon pure water and they will whirl and sail about, keeping up the dance sometimes for hours. Drop among them some greasy matter and the merry little performers will stop on the instant.

**DEATH OF THOMAS FRENCH.**—The well-known jockey, French, died somewhat suddenly at Newmarket, in his twenty-ninth year, the other day. French rode the Derby winner two years in succession, and among his other winning mounts were the Goodwood Cup, the Chester Cup, the Grand Prize of Paris, and the French Derby. This season he had been the rider of thirty-four winners.

**DISCOVERY OF A COMET.**—A comet was discovered on the morning of the 22nd ult. by M. Borely, at the Observatory of Marseilles. Its position at 3 a.m. was in right ascension 7h. 27m., and North Polar distance 51 deg. 15 min. Motion rapid towards the south. The discovery is announced in M. Le Verrier's telegraphic bulletin of the same date.

**RESTORATION OF BOWNER CHURCH.**—Bowner Church, near Fareham, Hants, probably one of the oldest sacred edifices in the diocese of Winchester, is about to be restored at a cost of nearly 9000. It undoubtedly formed, at some remote period, the chapel to a monastery or convent, and was, it is believed, although there is not sufficient evidence on this point, erected shortly subsequent to the date of the signing of Magna Charta, 1215, in which year Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, was excommunicated.

**LABOUR AND LUXURY.**—An Auckland paper says:—"For some time attention has been occasionally drawn to the fact that labouring men in the Canterbury province had been in the habit of going to their daily work in carriages. A few days ago some men waited upon their employer and represented to him that it would be necessary for them to receive at least 10s. per diem in the future, as they could not keep up a horse and buggy upon less." The next strike will be for the maintenance of a livery servant and the payment of the tax on armorial bearings.

**M. FENWICK DE PORQUET.**—The death is announced of M. Fenwick de Porquet, whose name has been known for upwards of half a century in connection with French and other foreign scholastic works. He died in London at the age of seventy-seven. He was a son of Captain Fenwick, an English officer. When a young man he crossed the Channel and commenced his career as a teacher of languages, adopting his mother's name—De Por-

quet. During the last fifty years he wrote and published upwards of seventy works, the earliest and perhaps best known being "Le Trésor," which has long been a textbook in English schools.

**A FATAL LOSS.**—The French papers report that a day or two since a workman employed in a factory at Paris inquired at the "Lost and Found" department of the Prefecture of Police if a 500-franc note had been deposited there. The answer was in the negative. It appears that the note had been given him by his employer to pay a bill, and that he had lost it. He went back to his work and declared that he could not survive the loss. Attempts were made to console him, and his tried honesty for twenty-eight years was cited as placing his character above suspicion. However he went away weeping, and the next day his body was found in the Seine. While it was on its passage to the Morgue the Prefecture of Police were advised that the note had been found in an omnibus.

**NEW NOSERAG FOR HORSES.**—It is common to supply horses with their necessary noon luncheon of oats by means of a canvas bag, shaped like a bucket, and hung from behind the animal's ears over the nose. To secure the mouthful the horse is obliged to give the bag an upward toss, which fills his mouth but at the same time throws out and wastes a portion of the feed. The aggregate waste of oats from the use of these common noserags is estimated as something enormous. A variety of devices have been invented to prevent this loss, one of the latest being that introduced by an ingenious American, who puts an additional bottom within the bag, on which the oats are placed. Under this bottom is a spiral spring. The weight of the oats compresses the spring, which expands as fast as the oats are eaten, thus keeping the supply always at the same level within the bags. The principle is the same as the spring candleholder.

### THROUGH THE GLOOM.

It was a little one-storey house, situated on a slight elevation, with a deep forest a few rods in the rear, and smooth green fields on either side. In front a small plot of carefully tended flowers relieved somewhat its dull, cheerless aspect, and served to indicate the tastes of its occupants.

In the little parlour, which was plainly but neatly furnished, sat a woman, whose pale, thin face bore the impress of sorrow and hardship. Though not yet forty years of age, her brow was wrinkled deeply and strands of gray were in her hair—that hair which had once been so brown and glossy, and the pride of Austin Dewhurst, when he came to woo her twenty-three years before!

Ah, how bright was earth then! What glowing visions unfolded themselves before the fond fancy of youth, only to fade and vanish and leave blackness in their stead! Three years of wedded life, and then that noble mind, that true, devoted heart returned to its Maker, and Carrie Dewhurst was left with her two-year-old boy in her arms, to face the world alone.

Recovering, after months of delirium, from the shock of her husband's death, she invested the little property left her in business, and for a time was successful; but the demands of unworthy relatives, which her warm heart could not resist, at last caused her embarrassment, and she was compelled to endure the mortification of failure.

Removing from the place of her last trial, she sought a situation as saleswoman, and by straining every nerve and working much at night managed to keep her son Wilfred at school until he was sixteen years of age. From that time until the moment I introduce her to the reader—four years later—she had passed through many vicissitudes, and now she obtained a precarious living by the aid of her son's wages and her own efforts with the sewing-machine.

It was hard, after twenty years of struggle with the world, to work from morn to night; but she rarely complained, her heart held a faith that was as beautiful as it was holy. Her joy, her hope was in her son—as noble a son as ever revered a noble mother.

Quick, brilliant, and with a fund of reason that often puzzled older heads than his, it seemed wicked that his talent must lie buried amid piles of merchandise, but circumstances controlled him, and he obeyed willingly, knowing that rebellious hearts make miserable minds. But at night, in his little room, by the light of a tallow candle, he cut figures from wood and marble—when he could procure the latter—and gazed upon them as if his destiny lay wrapped in their inanimate bodies.

Click! click! click! resounded the needle as the patient woman bent over her work, her soft hazel eyes following the cloth as she passed it rapidly over the needle-plate. Pausing at length and cutting the thread, she leaned back in her chair and closed her

eyes. A moment's rest she must have ere she began on a new piece of work.

And while she sat thus a vehicle rolled up to the house, and a man jumped out and entered the room without even the civility of knocking.

Mrs. Dewhurst looked up quickly, and beheld an employé of the agent of whom she had purchased her machine. Only too well she knew his mission, and her own inability to meet the demand.

"There's two payments due on this—to-morrow the third will be due," said the man, tapping the machine with his finger. "I suppose you are ready to settle?"

"I'm very sorry, but I'm not to-day," she answered, her face flushing with mortification and grief. "I know I promised it, but I have been ill and could not work. Next month I will try to give the three payments together."

"That ain't for me to say, marm," replied the man, putting his hands in his pockets and averting his eyes. "I have to go 'ording to orders, and I was told if you didn't pay to take the machine away."

"What! to take it away from me?" she exclaimed, her eyes filling with tears.

"Yes, marm—it's the rules, you know. I ain't to blame."

"But I'm sure I can pay for it if the agent will only have patience. A month can make but little difference to him, and it's all I have to depend on. I can't sew with my hands."

She locked her hands together, and bent down her head. It cut her to the heart to thus humiliate herself, to become a suppliant for the sake of three pounds.

"It's a little hard, marm, I know; but I can't help it. I shall have to take the machine. When you get the money you can have it again," he said, moving the work from the table.

A deeper pallor settled upon the careworn features, and she compressed her lips to restrain her emotion. Hastily arising, she went to one of the windows and stood with her back toward him, while the hot tears chased each other down her cheeks. It seemed that the demon of adversity would never cease pursuing her, oppression following oppression, and now her very desire and willingness to work were turned against her as a mockery, for the means of labour was taken from her. Even if she had strength to sew with her hands, she could not do enough to sustain herself and son. His salary, which was small, was mostly consumed in paying the rent and clothing himself, for his employer was very particular about the appearance of his clerks—a mercantile consistency perhaps, but not a logical one.

Mrs. Dewhurst saw her dumb friend taken away, and with it almost went hope.

For an hour she walked the room, trying to force the belief upon herself that it was all for the best; but with hunger threatening herself and child it was difficult. Her work was not completed, and now could not be at the appointed time, which would deprive her of at least half her just due.

Dropping at last into an arm-chair, she rested her head upon her hands and wept with a despondency most pitiful.

At the same moment her son, standing behind the counter of Batefast and Holdon, fancy goods dealers, saw a woman, showily attired, remove a lace collar from a box and push it into her pocket.

"Be kind enough to return that, madam," he said, in a low voice, turning away from his own customer, mer.

"What do you mean, sir?" replied the female, haughtily.

"Excuse me, my eyes did not deceive me," continued Wilfred, with more politeness than she deserved. "Put it back or pay for it. The price is six shillings."

The woman threw back her head, gazed upon him with mingled scorn and anger, and then, suddenly turning, marched up to the desk. Presently she returned in company with Mr. Holdon, and, pointing to Wilfred, said, indignantly:

"I have been insulted by your assistant, sir. He accuses me of stealing a collar; there it is on the floor. Because I would not pick it up he threatens me."

A dark frown gathered on the junior partner's brow, and, glancing sharply at Wilfred, said:

"You must apologize, Mr. Dewhurst—you have made a grievous error; this lady is a regular customer, and amply able to buy us out, if she so desired."

The young lady upon whom Wilfred was waiting at the moment the theft was committed raised her blue eyes to his face wonderingly. She had seen the "regular customer" steal the collar; she had also seen her drop it after being detected. Would he toady wealth at the expense of his own honour? Somehow the maiden was deeply interested. She had often purchased goods of Wilfred, and had

grown to like his frank, manly face and courteous air.

The young man gazed for a moment from his employer to the "regular customer," and then answered, in a low, clear voice:

"I regret that I have hurt the lady's feelings, but I cannot compromise my own truth by making any further apology. Madam—Mr. Holdon—I saw the act as plainly as I see you now."

The fashionable thief flushed scarlet, and her eyes gleamed like fire as she exclaimed:

"Very well, Mr. Holdon! I have my relief in the law! This very honest shopman is your servant. My husband will see to this."

"One moment, my dear madam, one moment, I beg," stammered the junior partner, smiling and bowing and scraping as if his joints were about to unhinge. "Mr. Dewhurst is wrong—I shall discharge him. Be assured you shall have satisfaction."

"Then I want it now. My name, my position have been outraged."

"True, madam. Mr. Dewhurst, we can dispense with your services now."

A wave of crimson swept over the young man's face. His eyes shone with mortification and sadness, and a pang went through his heart as he thought of his patient, suffering mother.

Dropping his yardstick, he came from behind the counter, went to the desk, received his pay, and was coming out when the following conversation greeted his ears.

Another shopman was addressing the young lady whom Wilfred had been attending.

"How much of this silk were you to have, miss?"

"I don't care for it now, since honesty is at a discount here," she rejoined, her brilliant blue eyes shining with contempt and indignation.

Mr. Holdon hastened forward to reconcile this customer to the usages of modern trade.

"We shall see that the young gentleman has employment, miss. You see the lady that was here is unfortunate, not her fault in the least, you know, 'twas born with her, she is a kleptomaniac. Mr. Dewhurst did not know it, I ought to have told him. We shall make it up to him. He is honest. Now allow me to wait on you."

"I have no desire to purchase now," she said, believing his words sincere, for he spoke so low that Wilfred could not hear the promise to restore him to employment.

Leaving the shop, the young lady entered her carriage, which rolled away the instant Wilfred reached the footway. He could not help gazing after her with gratitude. She knew he was honest, and had defended him!

Thank Heaven there were some true hearts left in the world!

A three-mile walk under the blazing sun brought him to the door of his little home. He hesitated on the threshold. How could he pain his mother by revealing his misfortune? And yet she must know it at some time, and to deceive her would only add to her grief. So with a hurried prayer, and perhaps a reproachful thought or two at the circumstances which were grinding him down to misery and poverty, he entered and passed suddenly with an exclamation of acute regret. There were traces of tears on that dear face.

Kneeling by her side he took her hand within his, and said, tenderly, while his hazel eyes—the reflex of hers—sought her features with mingled love and solicitude:

"Mother, dear mother, why do you weep? Have you a new trouble? Oh, how it cuts my soul to see your face clouded with sorrow. You are good, self-sacrificing and trusting. It is wrong to have you so oppressed."

"Wait, darling, wait! It's true I am very sad this afternoon, and my nerves are unstrung, but Heaven will not desert us. Now tell me why your eyes are dull, for mother can look through them, you know."

"Yes, you always could, you feel my cares, my blessed mother," he said, in a broken voice, as he rested his head upon her knee. "I—oh, I cannot tell you, but it wasn't my fault, I could not say I had spoken an untruth when I had not, even for bread. I have been discharged."

He leaped to his feet, and, pressing his hand to his brow, walked the room excitedly.

Mrs. Dewhurst struggled to control herself, but she was nearly exhausted from the conflict with her first trial, and this seemed to intensify the gloom, to strengthen despair and murder hope. It was minutes before she could speak, and in the meantime Wilfred was enduring torture most keen; he had noticed the absence of the machine, and suspected where it had gone; in addition to this, the sight of his mother's grief racked his heart. If he could only bear it all himself, and see her face calm!

"Come, my son, I am well now," she murmured, forcing a smile to her features. "We have passed through all but death together, and we will not falter now. It is only my physical weakness that makes me weep, my will is strong enough."

"Yes, and how much it has borne! Oh, mother, this cannot last much longer."

"No, we will believe that there is a deep mine of happiness beneath the rocky pathway of our life," she murmured, with an angelic faith, as she gently smoothed his hair. "Now, my dear one, tell me all about it. I can bear it."

He resumed his place at her feet and repeated the incident as briefly as possible.

"You did right, my child! Never forsake your honour, your manhood—no, not even for bread. If there is truth in truth you will have your reward."

And thus in mutual consolation and the comfort of looking back over honest moral lives, the afternoon passed away, and their frugal supper was partaken of. In the evening Wilfred repaired to his studio to work upon a statue of Diana. At ten o'clock he kissed his mother good-night and retired.

At five the next morning he arose, lit the fire, put on the kettle for breakfast, and then laboured with chisel and mallet until six, when he paused to set the table. Perhaps it disgraced him to do these feminine duties for his mother, if so I would to Heaven that every son in this country were up to his neck in such disgrace. I believe angels smile at this kind of degradation.

At seven he called his mother, and a half-hour later they took breakfast. Then, with a tender word and a loving embrace, Wilfred departed for the City, to seek a new situation.

At one p.m. he returned, sad, weary and almost discouraged. His mother saw him ere he reached the house, and knew by his very motion that he had not been successful. Hastening to meet him, she said, with a bright smile:

"Never mind, my darling boy; you have goodness, hope and mother left."

"Heaven bless you!" he said, in a husky voice.

Having recovered somewhat from his weariness and taken dinner, he began to consider their financial condition, and found that they had just two pounds in the world. By extreme economy they could make them last two weeks, and by that time his statuette would be finished. True, dealers in the fine arts had often laughed at his efforts, but there was something within him that urged him on in spite of all obstacles, and now he felt it stronger than ever, and his last hope clutched at this latest product of his hand and brain.

"You might as well send it back, Jeffries; everybody thinks himself a poet, painter or sculptor nowadays. I'm tired of it. True, it isn't so very bad, but I can't take the responsibility of foisting a new sculptor upon the world."

"Stop, Mr. Jeffries," said a sweet, silvery voice, and a white, fairylike hand was raised warningly. "I want to see that, if you please."

The junior partner of the great firm of Browning and Co. bowed smilingly and handed the statuette to the imperious young beauty. She examined it minutely, a look of admiration gradually overspreading her features. Then marching up to her father, with a regally coquettish air, she exclaimed, reprovingly:

"Papa, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. If you never give a genius a chance to breathe you must not grumble because the old sculptors do no better. Look at that, mark the features, the arm, the poise, everything; why, it's wonderful. What do you want to keep young men down for?"

"Well, it is good, Julia," said the old gentleman, taking another long look. "He may do something somewhere. I'll keep it. Jeffries, send Dewhurst a cheque for ten pounds. We must not make him think he's too great to begin with."

"Dewhurst!" repeated Julia, placing her finger on her lip. "I wonder if—but no, it could not be he."

"It's a small dinner, my child," said Mrs. Dewhurst, brushing the tears from her eyes. "I do not care for myself, for I do not work early and late; but it does seem too hard to have you brought down to a crust of bread and cup of water. I have tried to live on my faith, but I shall die if you must go hungry."

And covering her face with her hands she sobbed convulsively.

"Don't, mother. I can bear it. I am strong. Do not feel so bad, please."

She sank into a chair, and tried to quiet herself, while he, with bread untasted, and his body turned away from the table, gazed in deep melancholy upon the floor.

It was useless to force cheerfulness or try to pray on an empty stomach; the mind must have the support of his projected work for the summer, and the system can give no support unless it is fed.

"Mother," he said, his voice was full of plaintive pleading. "Mother, will you drink that tea? You need it more than I do; drink it; let me see you. I cannot bear up, if you are to continue so sad."

He paused in his walk, and, bending down, kissed her gently.

She raised her eyes, reddened with weeping, and thanked him with mute eloquence.

Then she tried to do as he requested, but the beverage nearly choked her, and she put it away from her.

With agony inexpressible in his every feature, Wilfred entered the sitting-room and commenced to pace the floor, at intervals bearing his hands against his head. He was nearly mad; he had accumulated until his nature was ready to sink. He could not even get a chance to do menial service; nobody wanted him; and his mother was starving before his eyes.

Suddenly grasping his hat, he crushed it on his head and flew away from the house.

Once more to the post-office, once more; if this last, gasping hope failed, then—he grated his teeth, and hurried on as if to flee from himself.

Having put the dishes away—there was no need of washing them, there had been no food on them—Mrs. Dewhurst came into the sitting-room, and sat down in the arm-chair near the table. She supposed Wilfred had gone to the office, as he had every day for a week to return only with disappointment more deeply embittered.

Closing her eyes she endeavoured to avoid all thought, to deaden her faculties as far as her will was capable of doing.

"Mother! mother!"

There was hope, joy in her boy's voice.

Was she asleep and dreaming? No, the words rang out again clear and sweet, and tremulous with anticipation she opened her eyes.

He was standing before her, his face illumined with gladness, his left hand holding a letter, his right extended towards her with a ten-pound note shaking in its grasp.

"Oh, my boy, my darling, what is it?"

"Success, mother! Heaven be praised! Success at last!"

And then he leaped toward her and covered her face with kisses, while tears of joy glistened in his eyes and were doubly reflected in hers.

"Twenty pounds for my statuette, and an order for another just like it," he exclaimed, when the first violence of his gladness had passed. "Mr. Browning says he intended to send only ten pounds, but somebody urged him to put in the two tens. Who could it have been? Oh, Heaven, forgive me my doubts! Now we will have a supper, and such a supper! If I was a girl I could weep out of sheer thankfulness."

Mrs. Dewhurst could say nothing; her heart was filled to overflowing; her nature was heaving as prayer to the Great and the Wise Being who had taken this devious way to develop her son's genius. At the eleventh hour a flood of sunshine dispelled the gloom.

Hurrying away to a shop, Wilfred purchased meats and delicacies, and two hours later he and his mother sat down to a supper that would have tempted an epicure.

Time passed on; the young man was absorbed in his profession, and worked early and late, blessing his only parent by his industry, temperate life and cheerful, sunny nature.

In December, at the request of Mr. Browning, he went to London, and was introduced into art circles, where he met a flattering reception. But the pleasantest part of his visit was his acquaintance with Julia, whom he at once recognized as the young lady who had spoken in his favour in the shop of Bidefast and Holdon, at Worcester. She said she would visit Worcester again the following summer, and Wilfred went home anxious for winter to pass and the flowers to bloom again.

Perhaps during the succeeding six months he was graver than before, and inclined to meditation; at all events his mother thought him changed, and suspected that her boy had found a new love, an avenue in his nature hitherto unexplored. She said nothing to him, however.

Swiftly the months glided by. Wilfred had finished a larger work than he had ever before attempted, and had won new praise. His means would furnish him a better home now, and he began to look about for a house.

One day as he was standing near the little flower-bed, which was in bloom again, talking with his mother, an elegant carriage drove up, containing Julia and Mrs. Browning.

The introductions over, Wilfred took Julia into his studio—the same old room—and showed her the model of his projected work for the summer.

"It will be beautiful," she said, dreamily. "Papa!



says you are to be a great man, Wilfred—excuse me, I mean Mr. Dewhurst.”

And she blushed crimson.

“I hope I appreciate the blessings I have received,” he answered, devoutly. “Of course I wish for fame—who does not? But were I to choose between fame and love I should take the latter. Love has carried us through dark days. If I have bright ones I shall wish another heart to enjoy them with—yours, Julia. Forgive me, but I could not help it.”

“I have nothing to forgive you for, Wilfred,” she murmured, her eyes drooping.

At that moment Mr. Browning and Mrs. Dewhurst came in and saw at once the feeling existing between the young couple.

As it was eminently pleasant to all interested, there were no objections, and one year later Julia Browning became Mrs. Dewhurst. W. G.

#### FUNERAL CUSTOMS IN MADAGASCAR.

The funeral customs are not the same throughout the island of Madagascar. In the centre of the island they build stone tombs, part underground and part above ground. They are very careful about their tombs, the size and beauty of which are in proportion to the position of the family, and unfortunately sometimes out of proportion to their means. They pay far more attention to their tombs than to their houses. The door of the tomb is frequently closed by a large, flat, roughly rounded stone, which is rolled up in front as to close it, or rolled back to open it. The tomb is always built on the borders of the family possessions, and the ground on which the tomb stands cannot be alienated. They never rent land to build a tomb on it, it must be their own possession.

This puts us in mind of Abraham's purchasing from the sons of Heth a burying-place for Sarah, given in Genesis, which, to my mind, is the most beautiful and thrilling picture of patriarchal life to be found anywhere—beautiful, simple, pathetic, yet grand—perfect both as regards the subject and the execution.

Not to be buried in the family tomb is reckoned a greater calamity than death itself. When the soldier or any other one dies in a distant district his bones are brought back to be laid with his fathers. I have seen them carefully preserve an amputated limb in order to place it in the family grave.

The first patient supplied with a wooden leg in Madagascar died a few years afterwards of fever. I wished to preserve the article as a curiosity—the first wooden leg in Madagascar, designed and constructed for me by Mr. Parrett, the printer! for although a surgical instrument maker in England might not much admire the article we looked upon it with no little admiration. After I heard that my former patient had ceased to require it I promptly sent for it. I was put off in a polite way until after the funeral, when I was told that it was considered a part of the body of the deceased, and that they had buried it with him.

The Tamah, who live in the forest to the south-east of the capital, have a different way of disposing of their dead. They do not build tombs, but make a large box—often a tree hollowed out. This they place at a distance in the forest, and in this they place the body, previously wrapped up in mats.

The Belaloe, again, more nearly resemble the Havaka in their mode of burial. They build cenotaphs, pretty much like the tombs we have described, but they dig a winding subterranean passage, somewhere near the cenotaph, in the further end of which they cut lodges, upon which they place the corpse.

The most singular practice, however, in connection with funeral rites is that followed in the case of the Andriana, or Princes of the Belaloe. No sooner does an Andriana die than they kill bullocks and cut off their skin into stripes, and with these they tie up the body to one of the pillars of the house; at the same time they make incisions in the soles of the feet, and, tightening the skin-cords daily, they squeeze out in this way a good deal of the fluids of the body, which they collect in an earthen pot placed beneath the feet. They say that this process goes on until a worm-like creature which they call “fanano” appears. They kill a bullock and give some of the blood as an offering to this “fanano,” which they say contains the spirit of the departed. The body, by this time probably pretty well mummified, is then laid in the family tomb.

Amongst all the tribes it is customary to kill a number of bullocks at a death. There was some sort of idea that the spirits of the bullocks accompanied the owner to the next world. This ceremony was called “Manao Afana.” When the party deceased was rich this was often ostentatiously shown by transfixing the heads of the bullocks on poles, and placing these near the tomb.

Probably from some fancy that articles buried with the body might be of some service to the dead,

they only deposited in the tomb those articles which had been most valued by the person while he was alive. When Rasoahe died, 11,000 dollars, beside much valuable property, was placed in her tomb, while the coffin itself was made of solid silver, constructed somewhat in the shape of a canoe, to form which they melted down no fewer than 22,000 dollars.—J. S.

#### A MIDSUMMER NIGHT.

EVERY country village is supposed to have its belle, but it is seldom indeed that one small town can boast two as beautiful women as Blanche Wareham and Grace Ellesley. These their beauty was in opposite styles, and their stations in life utterly apart, only made matters more interesting, and on the occasion of which I write the whole village was in a stir about the matter.

Fordham was one of those quiet little towns which, nestled away among the hills, and folding in their ample meadows some of the quaintest bits of landscape beauty that any country can boast, attract visitors, not so much because it would seem that into their rural atmosphere and loam-spun haze no contagion of artificial and conventional could by any possibility be breathed, but which usually, and by becoming just as beautiful of vanity and ambition and intrigue as any watering-place of them all.

Mother Nature laughs in her sleeve, of course, at the transformation, but it is only the wise few who see that and the shallow many unceasingly realize that they have brought with themselves all the vices of fashionable life, leaving many of its amenities behind, and taking on in their place a provincial narrowness which can hardly be found in the atmosphere of large towns.

A great event was approaching, and our entire of young people who were scattered about for the season among the thrifty farm-houses of Fordham were awaiting their wits to contrive some means of worthily celebrating it. Or, if I may be permitted to amend that sentence, it was more truly Miss Blanche Wareham whose brain was so excited.

Miss Blanche was native and to the manner born. Her father was a magnate of the village, an ex-member of Parliament, and of large hereditary fortune. Miss Blanche and her mamma, therefore, had long constituted themselves the leaders of Fordham society, and, as nobody could possibly say them nay, they had ruled the town with an imperial sway ever since Miss Blanche had left her short frocks behind her upon the nursery pegs.

But this summer a strange thing had happened. Among the rush of summer visitors had come a certain artist, a true and veritable Bohemian—a man of genius, given to the pen as well as the palette, one whose life was as free as his genius was undisputed.

Now Vivian Clercq was quite used to mamma and daughters of the Wareham stamp. He knew their tricks and manners thoroughly; was familiar with their ways of snubbing pretty young debutantes, and extinguishing sparks of rising genius; had perhaps in other days, before pen or pencil had brought him fame, experienced some of their tender regards. At any rate, he had no sooner arrived in Fordham and taken a deliberate survey of the ground, than he conceived a violent antipathy for Mrs. Wareham and Miss Blanche, and secretly arrived at the conclusion that the very best sport which could be found in this quiet spot, for reasons of his own, he meant to make his abiding-place for the season, would be to read these ladies a lesson in tactics.

He set about his game warily. To dispose Miss Blanche from her belle-ship and enthroned another in her place was an easy task which he proposed to himself, as a holiday labour, and to accomplish it to his own satisfaction might require some weeks of careful management; but he had come to Fordham for recreation, and it was in this way that he proposed to take it.

Not many days after this resolution was reached he took his palette and brushes and went out for a sketching tour among the hills. As the heat of the day came on he strolled into a farmyard which lay near his sketching-ground, and, after taking a drink at the well, knocked at the kitchen door and inquired if he could get dinner there. He was an artist, he said, out for the day from his lodgings, and hungry; he was ready to pay for his dinner, and would be well satisfied with a bowl of bread and milk, if nothing better was at hand.

The farmer's wife, who had answered his knock, asked him in, and hospitably set before him the contents of her larder.

“Grace,” she called to a young girl who had been sitting by the window sewing, “go to the pantry and cut some of that old cheese for the gentleman. We haven't much in the house to-day, but a piece of good cheese goes a good way towards helping out a luncheon.”

Grace put down her sewing and did as she was

bid. When she had cut the cheese she brought the plate and herself offered it, with modest grace, to the stranger.

He took a piece with thanks, at the same time sending a glance into the depths of Miss Grace's blue eyes that brought the blood to her cheeks and caused the young lady quickly to return to her sewing.

Grace Ellesley was certainly very beautiful. She was an orphan, the daughter of a younger brother of Mrs. Morse, the good farmer's wife with whom she lived. Her father had been a man of parts, who had striven away from the ancestral home to earn his living in the great world. He had married a woman of many attractions of mind and person, and Grace was their only child.

At sixteen she had been left a penniless orphan, glad to accept the hospitality which her kind aunt had offered her, and to eke out her living by teaching.

There were two churches in Fordham, the one rather antiseptic in its membership, the other decidedly phibian. Mrs. Morse belonged to the phibian out of worshippers, and her niece, having a very sweet contralto voice, sang in the choir.

It is true, must be told, that Mr. Le Clercq, in the vague pursuit of his own plans, had attended the latter church on Sundays, and, counselling Miss Ellesley's sweet face and rather musical voice, had contented himself with the determination of finding the secluded beauty, who, in his hold imagination, conceived, might be made use of to topple over the tower and to him make the convenient structure of the Wareham pride.

Dinner, or rather lunch, disposed of, he pushed back his chair, completed of the hunt, and commenced talking with Mrs. Morse as she busied herself clearing away the remnants of the repast. He inquired about her minister, and how the church prospered, and expressed a degree of interest in the sewing-society which was very flattering, particularly as Mrs. Morse was the president of that institution, and was at present bestowing a good deal of her native energy upon the work of fitting out a lady missionary to the South Sea Islands.

By-and-by he managed to address a question to Grace, and soon found that, though coy, she was really intelligent, and had the manners of a lady. That was all he cared to know to-day, and, taking up his kit again, he bade the ladies good day and sauntered off.

On the next Sabbath, to the surprise of everybody, and especially of Mrs. Wareham and her daughter, Mr. Le Clercq again attended the unfashionable sanctuary.

“I say, Le Clercq,” said Apley Bond, an exquisite whose society Miss Wareham a good deal affected, “what in the name of common sense takes you off every Sunday to that hot, stupid little barn of a church?”

“Good taste,” said Le Clercq, coolly, without moving a muscle of his expressive countenance.

“Good taste!” repeated Bond; “what can you have found down there to attract your artist eye?”

“I like the minister,” replied Le Clercq, again, with provoking coolness and immobility.

Of course Bond's curiosity was piqued. He had no faith in the power of the Reverend Mr. Stokes's oratory to attract a man like Le Clercq, and set himself at work to solve the problem upon different principles.

“I say,” he exclaimed, next day, to a group of loungers who had gathered in his room, “what makes Le Clercq go to Stokes's church? Can't he be a pretty girl there, can there? Some rustic maiden who wastes her sweetness on the desert air of a farmhouse or a cobbler's kitchen?”

“Oh, I know,” said Frank Gadsby, who was a Fordhamite. “It's Miss Ellesley. And, by George, she is a beauty. No style, you know; not up to that sort of thing at all; but just sweet simplicity. Sings in the choir too. I'll bet Le Clercq is painting her. Let's go up to his room and see what he is about.”

“Agreed,” said they all, and off they started.

They found Le Clercq arrayed in his dressing-gown, with his slipped feet upon the window-sill, a cloud of smoke encircling his head, and the latest novel in his hand.

There was no appearance of work about him, but they soon managed to make inquiry in that direction.

“We heard you were painting, Le Clercq,” said Tom De Laney.

“No,” said Le Clercq, “no; only sketching a little. I never work at this season. It's a bore, even to talk about work.”

But this very palpable hint did not discourage the young men.

Frank Gadsby resumed the attack.

“You were at Cedar Vale the other day. Did you find anything there that pleased you?”

“Made a sketch or two,” answered Le Clercq, lazily, “and I stopped at a farm-house and got my lunch.”



[GOING TO THE REVELS.]

"Yes, I thought so," said Gadsby, sagaciously. "Saw the pretty Grace, I fancy; perhaps you've made a sketch of her?"

Le Clercq smoked in silence.

"Is she so very pretty?" rejoined De Lancy.

"Rather uncommon style," said Le Clercq, still in the same nonchalant tone. "I did make a little sketch of her after I came home. I shall work it up into a wood nymph, I think, for the opening of the new gallery this autumn. Rather think I shall make a good thing of it."

"Let's see it," they all shouted.

"Oh, it's crude yet—raw, in fact. You can't tell at all what it will be. Doesn't do the girl anything like justice."

"Well, bring it out all the same," they cried. "Let's see what she's like."

"See here," said Le Clercq, firmly, "I'll show you the picture on one condition, and that's this—that you shan't annoy the girl. She's a lady, born and bred; one can see that from her manners, and I'm not mean enough to bring embarrassment upon her just because she's pretty and refined and hidden away in that rustic nook of a farm-house, when she ought to be shining in the best society. So, if I show you the picture, you shall each give me your word of honour that you'll not annoy her. Admire her at a distance as much as you please, but there must be no hanging about her and boring her with anonymous and unwelcome attentions."

"Why, Le Clercq," said De Lancy, "you are clearly in love."

"No," said Le Clercq, coolly, "never less so in my life; but the girl is pretty, and I'll be hanged if I'll lay it on my conscience to expose her to the affliction of being persecuted. Your word of honour, if you please, that you'll treat her in every respect and particular like a lady before I show you the sketch."

They laughed and promised, and then Le Clercq went to the closet and brought out an unfinished sketch, which set them all in raptures.

It was exquisite, it was divine; there were no adjectives too strong to express their admiration.

"Why wasn't she in society?" they all exclaimed, in a breath.

"Fancy Miss Blanche exposing her charms to such rivalry as that," exclaimed Le Clercq, with a half-sneer.

"But, I say, we can manage it, if we try," said De Lancy. "And it's a shame that such a creature should be tabooed just because she lives on a farm. A lady too, you say, Le Clercq?"

"A perfect lady, and as sweet a songstress as there is in Fordham."

The young men went away in a state of excite-

ment. It was soon noised abroad what a wonderful creature Le Clercq had discovered, and how he was painting her, and expected to make his fortune out of the sketch.

Many were the errands which were contrived to the farm-house, and great the maneuvering to bring some of the ladies interested in Miss Grace. But the ladies had no idea of perilling her own charms by too near a rivalry with those of Miss Ellesley. So they obeyed propriety, and fought very shy of the beauty.

They appealed to Mrs. Wareham, but the proud, worldly-wise woman answered, nonchalantly:

"Cultivate a moonlight acquaintance with the girl yourselves, if you please, young gentlemen; boys will be boys, we all know; but don't speak of anything farther. Society is society, even here in Fordham, and for the sake of your mammas, young gentlemen, I shall frown upon all your attempts to expose yourselves to the dangers of a mésalliance."

Tom De Lancy was a good deal piqued. To do the young gentlemen justice, they were not rousés; a bright flirtation with Miss Ellesley, with just a bare possibility of a romantic termination to give it spice, was all they sighed for.

Tom De Lancy's sister, Mrs. Brisbane, was a woman of good sense and refined feeling.

"Mary," said Tom, "can't you do something for us? Miss Ellesley is bewitching all the boys. Le Clercq stands ready to shoot any man that approaches her without due credentials, and the Warehams won't recognise her. Now what are we to do?"

"Why, Tom," said Mrs. Brisbane, "is the young lady so charming, or is it the difficulty in making her acquaintance which stimulates your zeal?"

"She is really a beauty, has good taste and lady-like manners, and she sings divinely."

"And her name is Ellesley, did you say?"

"Yes," Grace Ellesley.

"Why," said Mrs. Brisbane, "I had a dear friend of that name once. Grace Ward she was, and married an Ellesley. That was, ah! twenty years ago. How fast time flies. Could this Grace be her daughter, I wonder? I remember Ellesley was a young man not much known among us, but thought rather gifted."

"Of course it is the same—no doubt of it," shouted Tom. "Go right down and call on her, Mary; do, that's a dear."

"Well, to please you, I will," she said. "If she is Grace Ward's child I should be very glad indeed to know her. And if she is not I suppose there can be no harm in calling."

Tom was in high feather, but he determined not

to make known his good news until he should be able to announce results.

That very afternoon the call was made, and it proved, as Tom had hoped, that Miss Ellesley was the daughter of Mrs. Brisbane's old friend.

To Grace indeed the visit was very welcome. Kind as were her rustic friends, she had not found their tastes and manners too congenial.

Mrs. Morse indeed was a most motherly and unselfish woman, and as devoted to Grace's interests as a mother might have been; but their neighbours were often rude and narrow-minded, and Grace not seldom longed for the real friendship of one true and cultured soul.

Mrs. Brisbane's sincere and unaffected kindness was therefore peculiarly welcome to her, and when that lady cordially invited her to come and spend a few weeks with her at her boarding-place Grace was at first overjoyed; but with second thoughts she hesitated.

"I fear it cannot be," she said. "I shall speak to you frankly, because, as my mother's friend, you have a right to candour and simplicity from me. Nothing could give me more pleasure than to become better acquainted with you, but there is this difficulty in the way: I know that Mrs. Wareham and her friends would never receive me except under protest. If I were able to dress in a style corresponding to theirs this fact would matter less; but to receive as a guest a person tabooed by your friends, and whose plainness of attire would perhaps at the same time cause comment, would be to embarrass yourself in a manner that could but be painful to me. So, dear Mrs. Brisbane, if you will come and see me I shall be most grateful, and so will my dear aunt; but I cannot face society under the circumstances, even for the sake of so great a pleasure as your friendship would afford me."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Brisbane, "your grace and modesty charm me; they ought, besides, if they were known, to make the leaders of society ashamed. But I cannot consent to such an eclipse of your charms. Your mother's daughter, especially so worthy a daughter, ought not to be buried alive in a farm-house. Trust me, I shall find some way in which to overcome your scruples."

Mrs. Brisbane, who had watched Mr. Le Clercq's manoeuvres with not a little interest, had satisfied herself by this time that he had had a motive in getting up the little stir about Miss Ellesley, which she was clear-sighted enough to see was due to his efforts. To him, therefore, she went directly for aid and counsel.

"Well," he said, when he had heard her story, "this is aid from an unexpected quarter. I shall



tell you the truth, Mrs. Brisbane, though it is something which I never told before. You perhaps, with all the rest of the world, have wondered why I have never married. You who knew Grace Ward will cease to wonder when I tell you that she was my first and only love. It was in my callow youth, to be sure, that I met her; but I was old enough to feel the force of her charms, and to know that the world could hold few such women, and he who knew one might safely conclude that in all his lifetime he would never find her peer. Well, I thank Heaven for having known her. That in itself is such a boon as comes to few. She married Ellesley and died. Only a few months since I heard the history of her sorrowful married life, and that her child was here. Of course I felt an immediate interest in her. You need not look sagacious; I shall never marry, but I said to myself that if Heaven prospered me I would live to see Grace Ellesley restored to something like the station in life which she ought to occupy. I came down here determined to do something for her, but being a bachelor, with no lady friends in this region, I saw I must work cautiously. I soon learned that Mrs. Wareham and her daughter would be my chief opponents; indeed, they long ago decided that our fair Grace was too beautiful to be encouraged, and snubbed her accordingly. I do not wonder that the poor child dreads to meet them, but if you can manage to get her under your motherly wing between the two of us she need not fear."

Mrs. Brisbane had a good deal of quiet pride, and what was better, enough of true Christian principle to see the sinfulness of that selfish ambition and vanity which could deliberately torture the sensitive feelings of a young girl whose only fault was her poverty. She went back to Grace armed with a stout plea.

"My dear," she said, "I have need of you. My little Jeannette is an invalid and keeps me confined to her couch more hours in the day than are good for me. I cannot give up the care of her to a hired nurse, but I should be perfectly satisfied to leave her in your charge. Come to me as my friend, be to me what a younger sister might, and the arrangement I truly believe will be a blessing to both of us."

So, quietly and without any parade, Grace became Mrs. Brisbane's guest. Most of the ladies who composed the society of Fordham called on her and manifested a disposition to treat her courteously, but Mrs. Wareham and her daughter held themselves studiously aloof. But this pleased Le Clercq far better than if they had proved more tractable.

"Pride goes before a fall," he said. "We'll read them that little lesson so impressively that they will not soon forget it."

Le Clercq was a leader among the young men, and he set his wits to work to get up some sort of entertainment which should be both new and brilliant, in which his fair protégée might shine. Especially was he anxious to do this because there would arrive in Fordham within a week or two a social star, a gentleman of wealth and culture, who was known to be matrimonially inclined, and for whom Mrs. Wareham and Miss Blanche were spreading all their snares.

Le Clercq knew Hobart Grosvenor very well; had met him abroad, where, if ever, the true character comes to the surface, and knew that he was a man of fine mind and noble virtues. The more he saw of Grace Ellesley the more he admired her, and he felt that to bring these two acquainted might be a service to both of them; perhaps besides he cherished a secret hope that two so well adapted to each other might become something more than friends.

"Dear Mr. Le Clercq," said Miss Blanche, one morning, in the intervals of croquet upon the lawn, "don't you think picnics and serenades are getting rather a bore? Can't we draw upon your fertile genius for some change in the ordinary programme during the next two weeks?"

Le Clercq was at his blandest; he had a point to carry.

"Why," he said, "since you do me the honour to appeal to me I must brush up my wits; it is not often that one may enter the lists with Miss Wareham in any matter of wit or taste."

"Oh," she said, in her most charming manner, "we women are never inventive. We only follow and improve. And I do so much want to contrive something especially brilliant for Mr. Grosvenor's visit. After the Alps and Switzerland, Fordham will seem very tame to him, I fear."

"No danger," replied Le Clercq. "I doubt if even among Alpine glaciers Mr. Grosvenor has found anything so brilliant as awaits him here in Fordham."

And he bowed most graciously in the direction of Miss Blanche.

"Or so cold, you'd better add," said Tom De Laney, saucily, as he advanced toward the waiting couple whose time for play had come.

Two days later Mr. Le Clercq made his announcement, not to Miss Wareham, who had some right to

expect that she should be his confidante, but to the group of young men who constituted the male leaders of fashion in Fordham.

"Boys," he said, "midsummer nights will soon be here, and by good luck the moon will favour us. Let us have a midsummer night frolic, a fairy revel, a fancy dress ball in the glen by the old mill, with Chinese lanterns swung in the trees for such additional light as we need. We'll have Oberon and Titania and Puck and Bottom the Weaver, and songs and dances, and a spread of real honey-dew to be eaten out of acorn cups, and metheglin served in lily bells—"

"There, that's enough," said Frank Gadsby, "you're getting crazy, Le Clercq; the fancy dresses and the characters are well enough, and I even won't say a word against the metheglin, only it's wonderful stuff for making the bees buzz in a fellow's head. But as for the rest of the spread it must be something more substantial than honey-dew, and acorn cups and lily-bells may be poetical but I'd rather take my chances with a service of French china and champagne glasses."

"The spirit of Bottom the Weaver is in you," said Le Clercq. "Manage your part as you like, I'll none of it. I'd rather prescribe costumes for the girls at any time. What a superb Titania Miss Grace Ellesley would make. With that fair hair and creamy complexion of hers she would have set Shakespeare crazy."

"Why," said Frank Gadsby, "what on earth are you thinking of, Le Clercq? Blanche Wareham would put your eyes out if she should hear you make such a suggestion."

"Humph!" said Le Clercq, with a slight sneer, "a sweet Titania she'd make, with her ropes of black hair and her orange complexion. By my halidome, if I'm to have anything to do with this affair suitability shall be the test of the parts and not any woman's vanity. And you must stand by me in this matter. Let's all go up to Mrs. Brisbane's parlour this minute and talk the matter over there."

"Oh," said Tom De Laney, a little sulkily, "Grace'll never consent to it. She's so afraid of attracting attention. I wish she would be Titania; she'd do it capitally. She's just as bright as she is pretty."

"Oh," said the rest, "we'll find a way to coax her."

"You're right, Tom," said Le Clercq, coolly. "I wonder I didn't think of it before. We must manage to make Miss Blanche refuse the part before our fair Titania will ever accept it."

"Refuse it indeed!" said Tom. "Catch her refusing it. She'll snap at it like a pickerel."

"Tom," said Le Clercq, "your vulgarity shocks me. How can you apply such language to a divine creature like la belle Wareham?"

"Humph!" said Tom, "you like her just as little as I do, but you don't know her half as well."

"Ah! indeed," said Le Clercq, with sarcasm.

"Will your sapientcy come along with me to Ware-

ham Park and see that matter put to the test?"

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Simply that I am going to call on Miss Blanche to induce her to refuse to be Titania in our midsummer night's revel. A little lesson on the way to manage a proud woman would be of service to you, my fine fellow. You'd better come along."

But Tom wouldn't.

"I don't believe she'll ever refuse it, and if she is to be Titania the fun will all be spoiled."

"An revoir," said Le Clercq, coolly, and was off.

They were a loyal set of fellows, and he knew very well that there was no need to caution them to be discreet, but Tom De Laney couldn't help wondering what Miss Wareham would have said if she could have heard that speech of Le Clercq's.

Miss Blanche was sitting on the terrace, the elm boughs drooping gracefully over her head and sifting down a shower of sunbeams upon her hair.

She was very handsome in her white wrapper with the beautiful sash of scarlet and gold, and her heavy purple-black hair wound in great curls about her queenly head.

"Good morning, Miss Wareham," said Mr. Le Clercq, with his most gallant air. "How beautiful you are this morning—a perfect Zenobia!"

"Mr. Le Clercq," said Mrs. Wareham, who stood in the background winding her daughter's worsteds off a reel of carved ivory, her beautiful gray ringlets tossing in the breeze and giving a youthful vivacity to her style, "Mr. Le Clercq, your compliments are overstrained, and have an air of insincerity. Why don't you talk sense, like ordinary mortals?"

"Perhaps because I am not an ordinary mortal," said Le Clercq, with his usual sangfroid, "and perhaps because Miss Blanche's charms turn my head a little. I am not a marrying man, as you well know, but then where's the law against my being the slave of beauty all the same?"

"Oh, no law in the world, of course," said Mrs.

Wareham, "but it does girls no good to listen to such extravagant compliments."

"It will do Miss Blanche, at least, no harm, I'll venture," said Le Clercq.

"By the way," said Blanche, willing to change the subject, "speaking of parts, what is this I hear about a midsummer night frolic? Is it your idea, and were you not a little bound to propound it first to me?"

"Not my idea, in any particular sense. It was in the air, I think, and I condensed it first. It came out during a talk with Tom De Laney and his set. Mrs. Brisbane smiles upon the project, and I came over this morning purposely to ask you to assist."

"How?" said Miss Blanche, "has there been yet any distribution of parts?"

"Scarcely—a little talk about them, of course. I'm not sure but it's folly to talk of parts at all. It's certain to make trouble. We shall have half a score sighing, or more literally, fighting, to be Titania, and a fearful scarcity of Beanstalks and Thistle-downs."

"Why," said Mrs. Wareham, with assurance, "the most beautiful must be Titania, of course."

"Well, there are those who think that suitability has something to do with it. Miss Grace Ellesley has lovely fair hair and can wear green, and Tom De Laney is absurd enough to set up a claim in her favour. It ought to be settled very soon, for if I know Miss Blanche at all she is quite superior to a quarrel of that sort."

"And who will be Bottom the Weaver?"

"Oh, Tom De Laney is clamouring for that part. I thought it only right that you should know that. Tom is well enough in his way, but he lacks—ah! well, we will not say what, since we all know."

But Miss Blanche hesitated. To fall back upon pride and give up the part was to rob herself of all interest in the ball. On the other hand her charms were rather unsuited to the character, and might she not take a higher position by regarding the whole thing as beneath her dignity, and attending simply in the character of a spectator?

"Mamma," she said, after that moment of reflection, "does it not strike you as very absurd that Miss Ellesley should be asked to take part at all in such an entertainment? I think Mrs. Brisbane mistakes her position if she fancies that she can drag us all into subjection to this whim of hers."

"Indeed I quite agree with you, dear Blanche," said Mrs. Wareham. "I think we will reflect before committing ourselves to this entertainment."

Mr. Le Clercq then adroitly led the conversation to their coming guest.

"Do tell us about Mr. Grosvenor," said Blanche. "You have seen him later than any of us. Is he so very distingué?"

"He is indeed," said Le Clercq, "a man of mark anywhere. I am credibly informed that he stood very high at the Russian Court, and I know, from my own observation, that at Paris he was greatly lionized. His taste is exquisite, and his manners exceedingly dignified."

"I think it is settled, mamma," said Blanche, as Mr. Le Clercq was leaving, "that we will take no part whatever in this childish comedy. Miss Ellesley is quite welcome to the part of Titania, and under her leadership there will no doubt be found Beanstalks and Thistle-downs in plenty."

Mr. Le Clercq walked off well pleased with the success of his mission. The defection of Mrs. Wareham and Miss Blanche made very little difference with the popularity of the scheme, for it was in itself a taking one, and the parts were already well considered.

Mr. Le Clercq and Mrs. Brisbane were able, with very little coaxing, to induce the fair Grace to accept the part of Titania, and they set about studying her costume with great enthusiasm.

Mr. Le Clercq's taste was exquisite, and when the merry evening arrived, and Titania made her appearance, there was no concealing the triumph with which he led her to her place upon the ground.

It was a lovely scene.

A smooth, green turf, encircled by gnarled oaks, the moonlight quivering down through their dewy branches, was the fairy ring.

The hot midsummer weather had robbed the night air of all its terrors, and for those who cared to dance a band of violinists robed in green, with comical suggestions of crickets and grasshoppers in their costumes furnished the necessary music. The floor of the old mill had been cleared, and Chinese lanterns were hung among the green boughs with which it was decorated, and here a dainty refection was spread.

But the gem of the evening was Titania in her fairy dress.

Le Clercq, at the last moment, had taken the part of Bottom, and the two attracted no end of attention, and made infinite fun.

Mr. Grosvenor was there, dignified indeed, yet fully ready to be amused, and watching with keen eye all the performances.

Of course he appeared in his usual costume, and

Miss Blanche and her mamma congratulated themselves upon their foresight in keeping out of the character entanglement.

"I was not made for an actress," said Miss Blanche, coolly, when Mr. Grosvenor inquired why she was not in costume, "and, besides, I regret to say that, charming as the scene appears, the company is not as recherché as one would desire."

A little later he inquired of Mr. Le Clercq who was the pretty Titania, at the same time desiring an introduction.

"You seem fast in her toils, Le Clercq," he said; "may I ask if it is serious?"

"Very serious indeed," replied Le Clercq, smiling. "Not that I contemplate matrimony, by any means, but certainly, in a pretty extensive acquaintance with the sex, I have never seen the young lady who could more easily beguile me of my heart than Miss Grace. The truth is, Grosvenor, I loved her mother, and I rejoice to find that the daughter is precisely what I could have wished the daughter of such a woman to be. I shall introduce you with pleasure."

Miss Blanche Wareham grew nearly green with jealousy when she saw Mr. Grosvenor lead the fair Titania out to dance, and was still more disconcerted to find that he did not readily relinquish her society, but distinguished her during the greater part of the evening with his attentions.

"Ah," said Le Clercq to Miss Blanche, a week later, "it is sweet simplicity which carries off the prize; after all. It is a pleasure to see modesty and virtue so rewarded. Mr. Grosvenor returns to St. Petersburg this winter, and how charming it will be to think that our little English violet is blooming in the choice parterres of royalty."

Miss Blanche's face was crimson.

For the first time she divined that Le Clercq had been playing against her, and that she was in fact checkmated.

"I cannot tell what to make of life, mamma," said Blanche, "when such insignificant creatures are let to make or mar the fortunes of their betters."

"Perhaps it would have been better," said Mrs. Wareham, "if we had been kinder to Grace; but who could have fancied that that white-faced thing could ever have won in such a game? Life is, as you say, very much of a riddle."

Perhaps the solution of it is that to love one's neighbour pays better in the long run than simply to love one's self. J. W.

#### HOW TO REPROVE CHILDREN.

WHEN you are obliged to reprove your child, good mother, don't do it before strangers. It you only think about it a little, I am sure you never will. That constant "Don't, Johnny," "You mustn't, Johnny," "What do you suppose the lady will think of you now?" "You know I never allow that," "Behave yourself or leave the table," and all the rest of it, is not only likely to make the guest uncomfortable and to give her a very poor idea of your management of your children, but it actually weakens your power over the children themselves, and robs them of one very strong motive for good behaviour.

Children are as vain as we are. They wish strangers to think well of them, and when they have been told before any one with whom they are not well acquainted that they are naughty, or idle, or careless their vanity is terribly wounded. They have their self-respect, and such mortifications of it are very dangerous. Fancy how you would feel if all the important personages on earth had been told before your face that you were a very bad and contemptible sort of person! Would not a certain recklessness take possession of you? Would you not say to yourself, what can it matter what I do now? It is much more likely that a child will be thus affected. Praise spurs it on to increased effort. Blame takes away its power of doing well when it is administered before visitors.

In matters of deportment instruct a child privately. Say, before Mrs. Smith comes to tea, that Mrs. Smith must be helped to the preserves first. Or afterwards tell the child that it was a breach of good manners to scream—"Give me some strawberries," immediately on sitting down to table; but don't treat Mrs. Smith to a scene, for the child's sake as well as her own.

If you have not taught the little thing to do what is proper and elegant when you are alone, you cannot expect it to be endowed with a sudden fine sense of what is right because strangers are present. Remember that lapses in deportment are caused by careless training; and remember, too, that the habit of baring all the little soul's weak points before strangers will make it love you less, and do away with that sweet confidence which should exist between parents and children. M. K. D.

GUNS VERSUS ARMOUR.—The German journals announce that the recent trials of new guns on

ironplated targets, which took place at Tegel, near Berlin, fully satisfied all expectations. The shot from the 11-inch ring cast-steel gun penetrated an iron plate 12 inches thick; that from the 10-inch gun of the same pattern an iron plate of 11 inches, and there was force to spare in both cases. At Krupp's works at Essen trials have been made with the newly constructed 30 centimetre (12-inch) ring cast-steel gun, and the result justifies the belief that this gun will pierce 14 and perhaps 15 inches of armour. Thus, the strongest iron-clad now existing, Her British Majesty's ship "Devastation," which is provided with an armour of 14 inches, will no longer be invulnerable if opposed to such guns. It has been decided to use the 12 and 10 inch guns for the present only for the defence of the coasts. Their introduction on board ship would, probably, necessitate considerable alterations in the construction of vessels of war.

#### FACETIÆ.

"BETTER NOT TO KNOW."  
Impudent Boy (generally): "Try yer weight—only a penny!" (To lady of commanding proportions in particular): "Tell yer 'mot weight to a honnee, mum."—Punch.

CUTTING.  
Patient: "I say, Clipham, why does my hair come off so just now?"  
Operator: "Oh, sir, most hairnimals molts at this season of the year."—Fun.

AN INCOMPLETE EDUCATION.  
"What! shivering in the middle of August! How's that?"  
"Oh, sir, please, sir, wa was only taught to beg in the winter time, sir!"—Punch.

FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED.—The burden of the French Pilgrims' hymn is "Sauvez Rome et France." This should teach the Italian Government to lose no time in laying down torpedoes at Civita Vecchia.—Punch.

A SMALL ABERDEEN child being asked by her Sunday-school teacher, "What did the Israelites do after they crossed the Red Sea?" answered, "I don't know, ma'am; but perhaps they dried themselves."

The minister of a rural parish having neglected to pray for rain, was waited upon by a deputation to remonstrate with him on the omission. "Weel-a-weel," he replied, after hearing what they had to say, "I'll pray to please ye, but the feint a drap ye'll get till the change of the moon!"

IRONK.  
Tummas: "Well, Mrs. Simpson, and 'ow be it that the milk in these parts are rose?"  
Mrs. S.: "Why, you see, Tummas, this late rise in coal has caused iron to go up so that they; hev ris the price of pumps!"—Fun.

GIVING IT A NAME.  
Gentleman: "These young ladies tell me you are a very good scholar at Sunday School. I suppose you don't know who I am?"

Child: "Yes, sir. You're the gent as preached last Sunday for the Society for the Proliferation of Christian Knowledge."—Fun.

NOT MUCH DAMAGE AS YET.  
Squire's Lady: "And how has your brother Jack been behaving lately, Sally?"  
Sally: "Thank'ee, my lady, he's about his usual, so are read the good book as you sent 'im, and him twice to Sunday School, and it don't seem to have done him no particular 'arm at present."—Fun.

A DILEMMA.  
Auxiliary Recruit (to himself): "Murder! murder! What'll I do now? 'Drill-sarjant could me always to salute me officer-wid the far-off hand, and here's two iv 'em! Fair, I'll make it straight for meself anyhow!"

(Throws up both hands.)—Punch.  
NO ACCOUNT.  
Little John: "Isn't Miss Dackson a bad tounter for a governess, ma?"

Mamma: "What for, my dear?"  
Little John: "Cause she keeps counting one, two, tree, four, one, two, tree, four, and tan't get any farther—but she keeps trying. May I tell her the next is five? Do listen, ma!"—Fun.

"WHEN MUSIC, HEAVENLY MUSIC, HVS."  
Misses (finding the housemaid for the third time hanging about the drawing-room door): "Mary, what are you here listening at the door for? Haven't you any work?"  
Mary: "Oh, if you please'm, I don't mean no 'arm—it's that 'eviny music!" (N.B. Thomas was only tuning the piano).—Fun.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—In a northern town there was an excellent but eccentric clergyman named Rose. He was about making a collection for some special object, and had pleaded warmly in its behalf. "My brethren," he said, "I want you all to give liberally to-night—some of your pennies, some sixpenny pieces, but let every one give a shilling, and

to set a good example I will give the first myself" (dropping a shilling into the plate). After the collection was taken he looked the plates over carefully, and then remarked, "I see that my shilling is the only one here; so I shall take it back again," which he did and put it into his pocket with evident disgust at their meanness.

ON THE MOORS (DELIGHTFUL).  
Emily: "What! No luncheon arrived yet? I'm't that it on the hill?"

Tom: "No, that's a man going home with game bags."

Emily: "Well, then, the boy has either eaten it or lost his way!"

(Emily has a healthy appetite, and things are rather unpleasant for Tom that afternoon).—Punch.

CATCHING A LITTLE YARTAR.  
"So you don't care about donkey-riding, missy. And why?"

"Oh, I've got a pony, and one doesn't care about donkeys after that, you know."

"Has a pony got more legs than a donkey, then?"

Missy (who doesn't like to be chaffed): "Yes; exactly twice as many as some donkeys that I know of!"—Punch.

CLEANING A SUMMER-HOUSE.—A Parisian dentist who has a small villa in the outskirts has raised upon a mound at the bottom of his little garden a summer-house built entirely of human teeth. From a distance it looks very nice, but close certainly extraordinary. A short time since the dentist sent his servant into the country with orders to put the house in order and clean the summer-house. Five days having elapsed and the servant not returning, his master lost patience and made his way to the villa. There he found his man diligently occupied in cleaning the summer-house—with a tooth brush!

ANECDOTE OF THE "HILGEIMAGE."  
Mr. O'Fingon: "My dear, I've been thinking that while you and the children are at Folkestone I could so easily—that is, it would be an act of duty on my part to join in this great manifestation of repentance—at Paray-le-Monial. You recollect what Father O'Shaver said on Sunday about—"

Mrs. O'F. (a good Catholic, too, but wide awake): "I dare say. But the archbishop observed that the Church of Ireland, faithful, firm, inflexible, invincible, doesn't need no prayers. So ye'll just stop with the children and ma!"

(And he stopped).—Punch.

A DRUGGIST'S MISTAKE.—A stork is circulating which tells how a fair young lady went to a chemist and told him to make up one dose of castor oil, and to mix it with something to take the taste away. The man told her to wait. In a few moments he asked her if she would like to take a glass of soda water. She accepted the invitation, and drank the beverage. Presently she asked the roller of pills why he didn't give her the castor oil. The man smiled a triumphant smile, and said, "Madam, you have taken it. I mixed a fearful dose with that soda." She turned pale; she sank into a chair; she gasped, "Great Heaven! I wanted it for my mother."

LAWYER'S PRESS.—The following story is told at the expense of a lawyer: One Smith had failed in business and sold out, and having two or three tough little bills had given them to his lawyer for collection. Smith went to the office to receive the proceeds. The amount collected was about fifty pounds. "I'm sorry you've been so unfortunate," Smith, for I take a great interest in you." Then he handed Smith twenty pounds, and kept the balance. "You see, Smith, I knew you when you were a boy, and I know your father before you, and I take a good deal of interest in you. Good morning. Come and see me again." Smith, moving slowly out of the door, and carefully contemplating the smile, was heard to mutter: "Thank Heaven, you didn't know my grandfather!"

A SCALPING STORY.—John Baldwin, an old settler, and is supposed to have undergone more hardship, alarm, and startling experience than any one else in the world. Barmum last summer, offered him 10,000 dollars to go with him, but the offer was indignantly refused. John Baldwin had been twice scalped, every distinct tribe having its own method of performing that pleasing operation. Some take a strip off from front backwards, some around pieces off the side, some the crown, etc.; only one or two tribes ever take the whole scalp. On one occasion, when John Baldwin was attacked by Indians, he fought most valiantly against overwhelming odds. His ammunition given out he fought with the stock of his gun until it was broken, and then took off his boots and fought with them. Overpowered at last, he was left for dead, scalped, the sinews of his arms taken out for arrow strings, and so mangled and worried that when found it was four months before he recovered. About a month ago, when the Utes Indians were in his neighborhood, he took off his hat to them one day, whereat they clapped their hands gleefully and cried out: "Apache, Apache!"



signifying what tribe had scalped him. John Baldwin was much moved. "Yes," he exclaimed, "ye rid fiends, ye'll ne'er do it again." As the two scalping have left nothing more to be scalped there was a fine point to the remark which was not lost on the Indians.

**AN OBSTENTION REMOVED.**—A countryman having applied to Mr. Carrick of the Union Bank of Glasgow to discount a bill which had three months and seventeen days to run, the banker, after carefully looking at both sides of it, as was his invariable custom, said that "it was not usual to take bills of a longer date than three months;" upon which the applicant, scratching his head, and looking slyly at Mr. Carrick, said, "That may be your usual way, sir, but ye ken the days are unco short at this time o' the year!" The bill was discounted.

**RIGHTS ONE NEVER SEES.**

A cabman with an eye-glass.  
A prince of the blood riding a piebald horse in Hotten Row.

An archbishop in a punt fishing for gudgeon.  
A drinking fountain erected by a wealthy distiller.

A Quaker at the Derby.  
The Corporation of London at a five o'clock tea.

Punch and Judy on London Bridge.  
The Dean and Chapter all together in an omnibus.

An elephant in a village pound.  
An eclipse at night in Half-Moon Street.

Feats of horsemanship at the Oxford Circus.  
Nigger minstrels in the Bank of England.

A black man in a brown study.  
Three blind mice out of a cat's paw.

An archdeacon on a bicycle.  
The head of a finishing establishment for young ladies sitting in a swing and reading a novel.

An old gentleman in a blue coat and brass buttons at a music hall.

A beefeater at a vegetarian festival.  
An infant born (well-authenticated case) with a silver spoon in its mouth.—Punch.

**SHAKESPEARE'S SKULLS.**

A certain man, whose scientific tastes led him to collect the skulls of celebrated persons, one day received a visit from a man with whom he was accustomed to deal.

"What do you bring me here?" asked the baron, as the man slowly unwrapped a carefully enveloped package.

"The skull of Shakespeare."

"Impossible!"

"I speak the truth, monsieur le baron. Here is proof of what I say," said the dealer, producing some papers.

"But," replied the baron, drawing aside the drapery which concealed his own singular collection, "I already possess that skull."

"He must have been a rogue who sold you that," was the remark of the honest dealer. "Who was it, monsieur?"

"Your father," said the baron, in a mild tone; "he said it to me about twenty-nine years ago."

The broker was, for the moment, disconcerted then he exclaimed, with vivacity:

"I comprehend. Be good enough to observe the small dimensions of the skull on your shelf. Remark the narrow occiput, the undeveloped forehead, where intelligence is still mute. It is of Shakespeare certainly, but of Shakespeare as a child, about twelve or fourteen years old; whereas this is that of Shakespeare when he had attained a certain age and had become the great genius of which England is so justly proud."

The connoisseur bought the second head.

**LONDON.**—It gives us some idea of the magnitude of London to learn from a recent statement that although the Thames furnishes less than three-fourths of the water supply of the metropolis, yet the quantity so taken is sufficient to affect the navigation of the stream.

**PNEUMATIC DESPATCHES.**—The pneumatic despatch system has been introduced to a great extent in Paris. Written messages, enclosed in a little cylindrical case, are blown from point to point through leaden tubes. M. Pontemps stretches an elastic membrane over the open end of the tube, and then, by firing a pistol near it, creates an atmospheric wave within it. This wave travels to the obstructing "carrier" and back again at the rate of 1,000 feet per second, and on returning to the membrane distends it slightly.

**AMERICAN CHAPELS AND SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.**—We have often heard of the luxurious "places of worship" in the United States, and Mr. Ward Beecher's chapel, with its sofa stalls, is said to be a marvel of upholstery; if it cannot boast of much in the way of architecture. But the Americans have not stopped short at luxury in their chapels. Mr. Hartley, who has just returned from the United States, stated at a meeting of Sunday-school prom-

oters, that, having visited about forty schools in America, he thought, on the whole, the Sunday-schools of that country were better than those in England. There were a comfort, an elegance, and an ornament about them, which were never found in England. The floors were carpeted, and the children of the best classes went to those schools.

**NEW ACT ON REVISING BARRISTERS.**—The new Act to amend the law relating to the appointment of revising barristers and the holding of revision courts has been printed. By this Act the number of revising barristers, by an order in council, may be increased or decreased. There is a provision which will benefit working men, to the effect that in boroughs where the inhabitants exceed 10,000 a revising barrister is to appoint an evening sitting, which is to commence not earlier than six o'clock, of which notice is to be given. On a revising barrister being taken ill he may adjourn the court and appoint another day, but not later than the 31st October, for the revision. An alteration is made by repealing a part of two Acts as to revising barristers. Under the Registration of Voters Act notices of claims in boroughs, including lodgers' claims, must be made on or before August 25th; notices of objections in counties by the 20th, and in boroughs by the 25th.

#### LADY KUNEGARD'S GLOVE.

KING FRANCIS sits at the garden gate  
The terrible battle to see;  
And lords and nobles around him wait,  
And ladies of high degree.

And now the Lion comes bounding in;  
And now two Tiger leaps forth;  
And now two Leopards as cruel as sin—  
To fight for royalty's mirth.

But ere begins the horrible fight  
The Lady, Kunegard cries,  
"See! Sir Galgones, my gallant knight,  
To valour I offer a prize;

"Whoever will leap in the raging ring,  
And thence recover my glove!"  
(And she tosses below the silken thing)  
"May keep it—along with my love!"

Down leaps the knight, as the lady speaks,  
The Lion and Tiger between!  
And a multitude shout the silence breaks;  
'Tis, sooth! a terrible scene!

A moment more, and the hero cries,  
"My lady, here is your glove!"—  
It isn't a gift I greatly prize;  
Pray, keep it, along with your love!"

J. G. S.

#### GEMS.

He that is good may hope to become better; he that is bad may fear that he will become worse; for vice, virtue, and time never stand still.

EVERY man has his weak side; and it is very often the case that this weak side is the best part of the man.

THERE are two modes of establishing our reputation, to be praised by honest men, and to be abused by rogues. It is best, however, to assume the former, because it will be invariably accompanied by the latter. His calumny is not only the greatest benefit a rogue can confer upon us, but it is also the only service that he will perform for nothing.

READING serves for delight, for ornament, and for ability. It perfects nature, and is perfected by experience. The crafty condemn it, the simple admire it, and the wise use it. Reading makes a full man, confers a ready man, and writing an exact man. He that writes little needs a great memory; he that confers little needs a present wit; and he that reads little needs much cunning to make him seem to know that which he does not.

#### HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

**A RAGOUT OF COLD VEAL.**—Either the loin or fillet will make an excellent ragout. Cut the veal into nice slices; put a large piece of butter into a frying pan, and as soon as it is hot, dredge each piece well with flour, and fry it a nice brown; take it out and have ready a nice gravy made from the "scrap jar"; put the gravy into the pan, dredge in some flour, stir it over the fire until it thickens, season it with a very little pepper and salt, and a wine-glassful of tomato catsup; then cut thin slices of cold ham, and lay into the gravy and add your slices of veal. Serve hot.

**FATTENING CHICKENS.**—At the Jardin d'Accli-

matisation is a cottage with the words "Engraissement Mécanique des Volailles" written over the door. This is a new establishment, and intended to show how poultry may be fattened for the table at the least possible expense and delay. The birds, which consist of common fowls, ducks, and turkeys, are confined in small open stalls, which are just large enough to receive them, and in which they are so fastened that they can hardly move. Here they are fed with an emulsion composed of milk and oatmeal, which is pumped into their gizzards at stated hours. This is all the food they get; and with the exception of the ducks, which are allowed a little water, they have no other drink. This machine is sufficient to fatten them in from 12 to 18 days. They are taken in from three to six months old, and the cost of feeding is trifling compared with the other modes.

#### STATISTICS.

**THE BOOK TRADE.**—The Custom House returns for 1872 show that the export of printed books from this country in that year reached 81,422 cwt., of the declared value of 883,914*l.*, an increase of no less than 19,212 cwt. in quantity and 164,873*l.* in value over the preceding year. On the other hand, the import of books into this country was only 14,173 cwt. of the value of 140,183*l.*, showing a decrease of 335 cwt. in quantity, and of 9,246*l.* in value. We sent out six times as much as we received. We exported our books to the United States in 1872 to the value of 307,684*l.*; to British North America, 81,590*l.*; to the West Indies, 13,583*l.*; to Australia, 181,084*l.*; to British India, 44,248*l.*; to Egypt, 77,239*l.*; to British Possessions in South Africa, 28,748*l.* The exports of books to European nations, not speaking our tongue were not very large:—To France of the value of 32,350*l.*; Germany, 27,573*l.*; Holland, 19,424*l.*; Belgium, 16,071*l.* Our imports of books, however, are mainly from such countries. From France, in 1872, to the value of 46,598*l.*; Germany, 38,565*l.*; Holland, 18,590*l.*; Belgium, 11,085*l.*; Spain, 8,150*l.*; Italy, 1,215*l.* From the United States, to the value of only 13,560*l.*; from British North America only 1,493*l.*; and the import from other countries named in the list of book exports is not enough to find any place in the official list of our book imports.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

THE city of Milan has voted 5,000 francs toward the monument to be erected to Count Cavour. A bust, by Mr. Woolmer, of the late Rev. F. D. Maurice, has been placed in Westminster Abbey, in the Chapel of St. John Baptist.

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL has given 1,000*l.* towards the erection of the monument to the late Signor Rattazzi.

THE Duke of Edinburgh will visit the Imperial Family of Russia in the Crimea at their beautiful villa, near Yalta. His Royal Highness will be attended by Colonel the Hon. W. Chiville.

It is said that the French Government will buy the residence occupied by the Emperor Napoleon I. on the island of Elba, the upset price being 400,000*l.* What will the Republicans say to that?

A STAINED-GLASS window to the memory of the late Bishop of Winchester is about to be placed in St. John's Church, Angel Park, Brixton. The estimated cost is about 150*l.*, the larger portion of which has already been subscribed.

A SINGULAR DISCOVERY.—During some alterations in one of the principal old thoroughfares at Leicester a leaden coffin of great weight was recently excavated, containing the remains of a female, the skull being in a remarkably good state of preservation.

It is stated that the member of Dr. Cumming's congregation who presented the Shah with a splendid Bible was the Duchess of Sutherland, and that it was also her grace who prevailed upon his Majesty to promise that he would depart from his practice of making it a capital offence for a Russian to embrace Christianity.

CURIOUS STATUETTES.—Sixty curious statuettes in terra-cotta have just been placed in the Louvre, brought from Tanagra, in Bœotia, by MM. Dumont and Chaplain, as part of the fruits of their late voyage of artistic discovery in Greece. They vary in height from 2½ inches to 10 inches, and all represent women or children.

PROPOSED NATIONAL MUSICAL TRAINING SCHOOL.—The proposal finds much favour to establish in London, in connection with the Royal Albert Hall, a national training school for the cultivation of music among all classes under the immediate presidency of the Prince of Wales. The central depot will be in London, but it is hoped in time to extend branches into the country in the same manner as schools of art.

## CONTENTS.

Page	Page
FATE ... ..	508
AT OLD TRAVELLERS ...	508
ST. JOHN'S GATE ...	508
WHO IS HE? ...	509
DUELING ...	511
EDITH LYLE'S SECRET ...	511
PERAMBULATORS ...	513
WILL OF THE LATE LORD WOLVERTON ...	513
THE BRITISH MUSEUM ...	513
THE HEIRS OF CLANRONALD ...	513
SHIFTING SANDS ...	517
FROM LONDON TO EDINBURGH ON FOOT ...	520
SCIENCE ...	520
ARTIFICIAL IVORY ...	520
A HUMAN TABLE ...	520
CAMPION ...	520
DISCOVERY OF A COKE ...	521
ENOUGH THE GLOOM ...	521

Page	Page
FUNERAL CUSTOMS IN MADAGASCAR ...	523
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT HOW TO BEHAVE ...	523
CHILDREN ...	526
FACTS ...	526
GENS ...	527
HOUSEHOLD TREASURES ...	527
STATISTICS ...	527
MISCELLANEOUS ...	527
EDITH LYLE'S SECRET, commenced in ...	531
SHIFTING SANDS, commenced in ...	538
THE HEIRS OF CLANRONALD, commenced in ...	538
FATE, commenced in ...	540
WHO IS HE? commenced in ...	541

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A WIDOW.—We are unacquainted with the Society in question.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.—Apply to any of the shipping agents, as mentioned in the London Directory.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—The use of the ordinary carbonate of soda would remove any acidity. It would then be as good as bottled beer or very nearly so.

A CONSTANT READER.—Are there no bird dealers in Edinburgh? The locality, or rather the special one, in London is the district of the Seven Dials.

MICROB.—The line "a tear for pity and a hand open as the day to melting charity" is by Shakespeare, Henry V. act 4.

G. B.—The great wall of China was erected to prevent the invasions of the Tartars, who for ages were a troublesome race to the Celestial humanities.

EMMA.—At dinner the chief gentleman sits on the right hand of the lady of the house, and the chief lady guest on the right hand of the master of the house.

V.—"Steppes" means a wide extent of flat but undulating land. Steppes are peculiar to Russia and to what was formerly called Poland.

A CONSTANT READER.—He must be an admirer, and Love, alas! occasionally "spurns at human ties." But etiquette and also common sense would compel the lady to forbid his advances.

E. A. E.—Any hairdresser would supply you with a good dye. That is the cheapest way. If however you desire to make one for yourself tell us the original colour, and we will then give you a receipt.

J. C. W.—To make Captain's Biscuits: Take seven pounds of fine flour, six or eight oz. of butter and a quart of milk. Mix them well together until they form a thick dough, then mould them into proper shapes and sizes, and bake in a quick oven for ten or twelve minutes.

ACID.—The question is an extremely technical one, and is, we presume, one of the mysteries of the trade. Only an analytical chemist, we presume, could help you, and his assistance would be probably somewhat expensive; though, if you can produce a large quantity, it might be worth your while to try.

A SUFFERER.—The treatment of lumbago consists of strong stimulant embrocations or liniments, or of blisters, over the parts affected, with active aperients, warmth, and such a diaphoretic as for example Dover's powder; the last to be taken at bedtime. The hot or vapour bath often gives almost immediate relief.

MARIE STUART.—Do the eruptions contain matter (puscular) or not? Are they spots only? Upon this depends the treatment. Abstain, meanwhile, as far as possible from all alcoholic or fermented liquor, take vegetables freely, get (if you can) sea-bathing, and drink freely of lemon-water, which last you can easily of course make for yourself.

S. H. W.—In heraldry the crest is the highest part of the ornaments of a coat of arms, and is placed on the wreath. The arms are the whole escutcheon or shield, the field of which is divided into nine parts. For bearing arms government exact an annual tax of 2l. 12s. 6d. from persons paying 3l. 10s. a year for carriage duty, and from others 13s.

ANTIQUITY.—London Bridge was erected under the superintendence of Mr. George and Sir John Rennie upon the designs prepared by their illustrious father, Mr. John Rennie. The contractor was Bankes, a man who rose from the position of a "navy" to be a knight, had a baronetcy offered him, married a lady of title, and acquired an immense income.

MISRE.—To make tomato sauce put the tomatoes when perfectly ripe into an earthen jar, and set it in an even, when the bread is drawn, till they are quite soft; then separate the skins from the pulp, and boil the latter with a few capsaucins, a few cloves, a little salt and ginger; stir it well in boiling, to let the thin parts evaporate, and then bottle it for use. Be careful in boiling that the saucepan does not spoil the colour.

D. J. S.—You would get all particulars by applying at any naval station—Portsmouth for example, which, by the way, is the one nearest to London. There certainly would be opening for an interpreter of the French and Spanish languages. They would not be required. Or you might, if in town, apply at any of the shipping agents in the neighbourhood of the Tower.

MARY IN TROUBLE.—His jealousy or even unkindness, except where it amounted to physical cruelty, would be no ground in law for a divorce. And concerning that you do not inform us. If there is anything special in the matter your best course would be to consult a solicitor. If matters are so bad could you not between yourselves

arrange a separation? Under such circumstances your life must be seriously embittered, and we are very sorry to hear what you say.

HORTUS.—Hall was the residence of several of the "Saxon" monarchs, but it received its name from its restorer, one of the Edwards, who named it "Kingstown," and as it was situated on the Hull—a small river running out of the Humber—it was called Kingstown, and then shortened into Kingston upon Hull, which name it still bears in official documents; ordinarily it is called Hull.

A FRANKLED HOUSEKEEPER.—To destroy bugs the following (which is deadly poison) is peculiarly effective. Corrosive sublimate (in powder) and hydrochloric acid, of each 1oz., hot water three quarters of a pint; agitate together until the first is completely dissolved. It is applied with a paint brush, observing to rub it well into the cracks and joints. The proper time for attacking these pests is early in March or shortly before they are revived from their dormant state by the warm weather.

B. P. W.—Your lines entitled "To my Pen" are, no doubt, meritorious in intention, but they cannot be called poetry, and the grammar is frequently altogether wrong. If then you aspire to write, whether in verse or in prose, you will require an extensive course of careful study. (1.) Your copy of the Arabian Nights is of value; we should say it ought to fetch at least half a guinea. (2.) The other book is the "Panegyric" of Claudianus, the last of the Latin classic poets on the consulate of Probus and Olybrius. Claudian flourished about A.D. 395. The book is by no means a rare one, and a Leipzig copy may be got for about a shilling. Keep the old copy. (3.) Hair a moderate black. (4.) Exceedingly unfeeling and rude are those who laugh at your misfortune. (5.) We must not express an opinion concerning the Claimant. (6.) The handwriting we ought honestly to tell you is capable of great improvement. But such improvement will come easily and satisfactorily by the imitation of a good model.

## A LOVE THAT WAS PURE.

She was only eight, and I was ten,  
Down by the brook in the valley;  
But then we thought we were women and men.

As we wandered down in the valley,  
Did you ever read the entrancing story  
Of sweet Virginia and her lover Paul?  
We acted it all in the summer glory,  
Under the pines by the waterfall.

Oh, there's something pure in this childish love  
That never may come thereafter,  
When the robin will nestle along with the dove,  
And the raven will croak with laughter;  
For the raven is wise and cautious, be sure,  
He mates for a settlement—sharp old raven—

But we little prattlers, not looking before,  
Thought we were married and dwelling in Heaven.  
This childish love! Why, perhaps, after all,  
'Tis the only love that is really pure,  
Too pure for the earth since the Eden fall,  
Too bright, too beautiful to endure.  
Yet I sit and dream of that innocent love,  
And see her face in its shower of brown hair,  
And I know that her spirit is happy above,  
And her form in the grave—oh, I wish I were there!

For the longer we live the more unprepared  
Are we for the change that will come in due time,  
And we doubt if the Heaven that childhood  
Has shared

Shall be ours at the last in that wonderful  
clime. F. G. T.

FARNSHAW, tall, pretty, accomplished, and possessing a little money, desires to correspond with a naval officer. EDITH, nineteen, fair, accomplished, considered handsome, and will have 900l. when of age, wishes to correspond with a gentleman with a view to marriage.

M. D., medium height, fair, pretty, and domesticated. Respondent must be dark, handsome, good tempered, and fond of home.

DAISY C., twenty, wishes to correspond with a young man, tall, dark, good looking, and fond of home and children.

SEDLIA, eighteen, light complexion, good looking, domesticated, loving and musical. Respondent must be dark, good tempered and affectionate.

ADELA, twenty-one, tall, a brunette, and domesticated. Respondent must be handsome, affectionate and fond of home.

ARNOLD, twenty-two, medium height, fair, and a working man. Respondent must be about twenty-two and a domestic servant.

HAROLD, 5ft. 10in., rather dark, an officer in the Royal Artillery. Respondent must be about twenty, fair, industrious, loving, and domesticated.

MAINSAIL JACK, twenty-two, 5ft. 5in., a seaman in the Royal Navy, light hair and eyes, wishes to correspond with a young lady about the same age, who must be pretty and disposed to make a good wife.

CORA, seventeen, medium height, a blonde, with auburn hair, well educated and domesticated. Respondent must be tall, gentlemanly and good tempered; a clerk preferred.

CECILIA J. N., twenty, tall, fair, blue eyes, flaxen hair, loving, musical and domesticated. Respondent must be about the same age, tall, of an amiable temper, and handsome.

HAPPY SAM, nineteen, 5ft. 9in.; dark hair, eyes, and complexion, a clerk in a good position. Respondent must be a tall brunette, musical, well educated, and good tempered.

OLARA B., twenty, light hazel eyes, dark-brown hair, and would make a good wife, wishes to correspond with a young man who is tall, dark, handsome, amiable, and fond of home.

SOPHIA, twenty-three, dark-brown hair, blue eyes, medium height, loving, good tempered, and would make a good and useful wife. Respondent must be a sailor in the Royal Navy, loving, and domesticated.

LILLIAN, twenty-one, tall, dark, accomplished, considered pretty, and possesses a large income, would like to correspond with a young gentleman, steady, and fond of home.

LACUSING POLLY, eighteen, fair complexion, dark hazel eyes, and considered good looking. Respondent must be about twenty-two, tall, dark, handsome, have a little money, and fond of home comforts; a clerk preferred.

JENNIE, twenty, fair complexion, brown hair and eyes, of a loving disposition, and domesticated. Respondent must be twenty-two, tall, dark, affectionate, and fond of home; a carpenter preferred.

GRAY-EYED ANNIE, twenty-seven, good looking, of a loving disposition, and thoroughly domesticated, wishes to correspond with a young man about thirty, dark, a mechanic, and fond of home and children.

NELLIE B., nineteen, tall, fair complexion, considered good looking, loving and thoroughly domesticated. Respondent must be tall, good looking, loving, and fond of home; a tradesman preferred.

JANE, twenty, 5ft. 4in., light hair, gray eyes, considered good looking, and a domestic servant, wishes to correspond with a respectable mechanic of about her own age.

BERTHA, twenty, rather tall, with dark auburn hair, light-gray eyes, fair complexion, is a housemaid, well educated, and fond of music. Respondent must be well educated, affectionate, and fond of home; a musician preferred.

TED D., twenty, a seaman in the Royal Navy, 5ft. 7in., fair complexion, light-gray eyes, and considered good looking, desires to correspond with a young lady about eighteen who must be fair, good looking and thoroughly domesticated.

HENRIETTA C., eighteen, medium height, hazel eyes, golden-brown hair, good figure, well educated, fond of music, and has 150l. per annum coming in when of age. Respondent must be a tall, dark gentleman, with musical tastes.

MATILDA S., twenty-one, dark-brown hair, hazel eyes, of a lively disposition, domesticated, and a dressmaker by trade, wishes to correspond with a steady young man not over thirty, with an income not less than 100l. a year, and has no objection to travel.

RALPH W., twenty-five, tall, dark, handsome, a professional gentleman and foreigner, highly educated, very affectionate, and domesticated. Respondent must be tall, fair, pretty, of a loving disposition, and good tempered.

MARY, twenty-four, short and slight, dark hair, light-blue eyes, fair complexion, thoroughly domesticated, and of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a mechanic about twenty-eight, tall, dark, steady, loving, and fond of home.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED: JOSEPH G. is responded to by—"Isabel J.," fair, good looking, loving, of a lively disposition, and thoroughly domesticated.

GORDON by—"Annie," eighteen, fair, auburn hair, loving, and thoroughly domesticated.

FLYING ROYAL JACK by—"Kate L.," who thinks she is all he requires.

CAROLINE by—"Alfred P.," who thinks he is all she requires.

LOLLIE C. by—"George L.," nineteen, tall, fond of home, and thinks he would suit her.

R. J. L. by—"M. A. T.," who thinks that she will suit him.

FANNY S. by—"G. H.," who thinks that he is all she requires.

ELLA by—"Harry H.," twenty-four, fair complexion, and medium height.

JACK TOPMAST by—"Eleanor May P.," nineteen, rather light, very fond of music, tall, and domesticated.

VENETIA by—"Alec," thirty-one, an artisan, domesticated, and good looking.

HARRY B. by—"Lizzie C.," twenty-four, medium height, and thinks she is all he requires.

ARGUS by—"Lillian G. F.," twenty-two, very fair, musical, tall, domesticated, of a loving disposition, and has a little money.

ROSA by—"Willie L. B.," twenty-eight, dark complexion, of a loving disposition, fond of home, has a good situation, and possesses capital.

JOLLY BOB by—"A Rose Without a Thorn," twenty-two, who thinks she is all he requires, being very pleasant, thoroughly domesticated, with good prospects, and would make a good wife.

CHARLIE L. by—"Emma D.," twenty, tall, dark, and considered good looking, very loving, thoroughly domesticated, an excellent musician, and a military officer's daughter.

ALL THE BACK NUMBERS, PARTS AND VOLUMES of the "LONDON READER" are in print and may be had at the Office, 334, Strand; or will be sent to any part of the United Kingdom Postfree for Three-halfpence, Eightpence, and Five Shillings and Eightpence each.

EVERYBODY'S JOURNAL, Parts 1 to 4, Price Threepence each.

THE LONDON READER, Post-free Three-halfpence Weekly; or Quarterly One Shilling and Eightpence.

\* \* \* Now Ready VOL. XX. OF THE LONDON READER. Price 4s. 6d.

Also, the TITLE and INDEX to VOL. XX. Price One Penny.

NOTICE.—Part 125, for OCTOBER, Now Ready, price 6d.

N.B.—CORRESPONDENTS MUST ADDRESS THEIR LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF "THE LONDON READER," 334, Strand, W.C.

††† We cannot undertake to return Rejected Manuscripts. As they are sent to us voluntarily, authors should retain copies.

London: Published for the Proprietor, at 334, Strand, W.C. G. A. SMITH.

